

OR HONEST

LONDON SPY:

EXHIBITING

THE BASE AND SUBTLE INTRIGUES
OF THE TOWN,

IN A NUMBER OF

Essays, Serious and Comical:

- I. The Treachery of false Friends.
- II. The Tricks and Frauds practised on the
Unthinking and Ignorant, by the Town-
Sharpers.
- III. The Deceits used in particular Trades and
Professions.

The whole replete with pleasant Relations,
comical Descriptions, and satyrical
Characters.

*For the Diversion of the Wise, and the Information
of the Inexperienced.*

By *PEEPING TIM.*

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To which is added,

The Obliging Husband and Imperious Wife,

In a Number of pleasant Dialogues.

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the Book.*



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THE HONEST
L O N D O N S P Y:

EXHIBITING

*The Base and Subtle Intrigues of the
Town, in several Diverting and Inge-
nious Dialogues, &c.*

of THE TREACHERY OF FALSE FRIENDS.

CHAP. I.

*Of Friendship: Its Definition, Obligations,
Extent, &c.*

FRIENDSHIP, which is one of the
securest bonds of human society, is
a mutual obligation between two or more
persons, to assist each other in any emergence
that may happen. And wherever this friendship
is, it will not remain long in obscurity, but will
discover itself with a great deal of lustre and
vigour, by the freeness and generosity of those
actions proceeding from it; which will have a
peculiar air, and be so much the more accept-
able to the person they are done for, in pro-
portion as this friendship has been cultivated
and improved.

The origin of this firm bond of the soul,
is to be attributed to something of similitude
O. E. or

or likeness of judgment or disposition, which is found in the person so chosen for a friend.

If this friendship be duly kept up, and the offices of it duly performed, it may not be improperly compared to a spring; which in its rising and running, if it meets with a small obstacle, it bears it away by its force; if it meets with a great one, it either overflows it after some time, or else runs on one side, still directing its course to the designed place.

As an infallible proof of this, 'tis observed, that tho' Nature has laid strong obligations on men, one to another, by affinities; yet voluntary friendships are more firm and constant, and better observed than those that are natural, and of course necessary. This is for the most part owing to (what is to often found in such cases) interest, which has commonly the greatest share in the management, and is the chief motive to the founding such friendship. But I would not be understood here to speak of that intimate tie between man and wife, but of other depending relations, which are natural consequences of marriages. Thus, (for instance) a rich man can't help looking upon his expecting relations, as on them that long for a sight of his grave: And a poor man upon his rich relation, as one that stands between him and fortune. By such thoughts, that natural love and affection, which these relations might otherwise have to each other, becomes poisoned, and 'tis often very difficult to find one real friend amongst a multitude of relations. Hereupon *Solomon* does,
with

with the greatest truth, conclude, That "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother:" For a man may have occasion to fly to the arms of the one, for protection from the injuries of the other. This is a strict caution, not to depend too much on those friendships that have no other foundation than affinity; for they are often over-ruled by people's love to themselves.

Since then a man had better look for a friend among those who are no ways related to him, than among his nearest kinsmen; 'twill not be improper to give some directions for the choice, that so the reader may, if he observes them, be both safe and happy in contracting such an amity.

To be safe and happy therefore in the choice of a friend, we should first know the person thoroughly, before we engage in so strict and sacred a bond with him. Conversation will shew us both the virtues and vices of our acquaintance, and how far they are agreeable to us in their inclinations: We ought especially to note the principles, designs, and pleasures of those with whom we contract amity; for if either of those are opposite to our own, there can be no likeness of manners and conduct; and for this reason no possibility of a true and lasting affection.

Besides, sudden friendships are easily dissolved, and scarce ever last long enough to deserve the name; which should urge us to endeavour to avoid the imputation of levity and inconstancy, which we may bring on ourselves by an easiness of embracing every offer of love and service. For it is not easy to foresee either of what use
our

our friend may be to us, or what we hazard by contracting amity with him; and therefore we should be cautious, whom we admit to a character, that gives so great pretensions, and demands almost unlimited service; for there's no condition of life, but gives a friend a title to our affection, advice and assistance. Prosperity obliges us to mutual joy and satisfaction in each other's happiness; and adversity to a free, generous, and unasked assistance; for the glory and perfection of this relation is—that the interest, desires, and designs of both parties be the same, at least, not opposite.

Now, tho' I should say much more in praise of such a strict bond, yet I should come far short of giving it a character equal to its excellence. I shall therefore desist, and only give the reader an instance of such a special contract of amity, so lasting, and so well performed, that it by much excels the most raised encomiums given it by the most celebrated orators.

The relation I am about to give, tho' it be not of the produce of our own country, yet being well attested, may, I hope find credit with the reader. It was first printed in *Italian* at *Venice*, afterwards in *Latin*, and allowed of by the senate, and now in *English*, besides several other languages which it has been translated into.

Nicholas Barbodicus, and *Mark Trivisanus*, two patricians of *Venice*, that lived in the last century, had contracted a solid and entire friendship in their youth, which was carried on all
along

along with the mutual performance of good offices. It so happened in process of time, that *Trivisanus* was reduced to a condition differing little from extreme poverty, and most unworthy of his birth and quality. His debts being more than he was able to pay, he was deserted by all his relations, even by his own brethren, who at that time lived in great splendor: But he found “a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;” for he was received into the house of *Barbadicus*, his only friend, who had before lent him four thousand ducats: But behold the extent of friendship! He was no sooner entered his house, but *Barbadicus* forgave him the money he had lent, paid off other of his debts to the value of two thousand more, and soon after, by a voluntary irrecoverable deed, made him overseer and administrator of his entire estate, both real and personal, so that he might dispose of them at his pleasure. He moreover ordered in his will, that (tho’ he had a wife and a brother) *Trivisanus* should be his sole executor, and have power to dispose of his daughters in marriage; nor should he at any time be compelled to give an account how he disposed of any part of the estate committed to his care; not forgetting to leave him as large a legacy as his estate would allow of, without apparent detriment to his children’s fortune. This *Barbadicus* was moved to do, because he perceived that *Trivisanus*, the moment he entered his house, was, tho’ a prodigal of his own estate, become sparing of another man’s; he had left
off

off all gaming and loose company, which had been one means of impoverishing him, and betook himself to the conversation of wise and learned men, and to reading the best authors. Nor indeed had *Trivisanus* before this been wanting to shew his affection to *Barbadicus*; for he had formerly defended his life and reputation at the hazard of his own, when they were strenuously attacked secretly and openly, and never forsook him in the extremest straits; tho' it was greatly to his hindrance, he losing thereby some very considerable offices in the state, which he stood fair for: And after his friend's kindness, he behaved himself so becomingly, that he was not only honourably esteemed by the daughters of *Barbadicus*, but was also well received by his wife, who honoured him as her brother.

If in this life any of our actions are perfect, certainly the friendship of these two gentlemen was so; which equalled, if not excelled, that of the famous ancient patterns of friendship, *Py-lades* and *Orestes*. But if we look into the world, and into men's conversation, where shall we find such generous instances of constant friendship? We shall instead thereof hardly meet any thing but tricking and over-reaching; and 'tis commonly observed, that where there is most kindness and fidelity professed, most treachery is designed, which it behoves every one that would live secure in the world, to have regard to, and take heed whom he trusts, and in what; for he may (without something like a miracle) expect,
that

that whenever a disgust or a breach shall put an end to their intimacy, those secrets which ought to be inviolably kept, shall be revealed to serve a turn or self-interest. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise, since that relation, which heretofore was held sacred, is now turned into a mere form and name? Those men who at the first exchanging a word, are your very humble servants, will, as soon as your back is turned, vilify and rail at you. This should enforce the proverbial caution, that “A man should eat a peck of salt with another, before he takes him for his friend;” and oblige us not to be too forward to take the fair professions of others for realities.

But I know no better way of recommending true friendship, than by shewing the vile practices of false-friends; which is the next thing I proceed to.

C H A P. II.

Of Pretenders to Friendship, and the Levity of their Pretences.

BEFORE I proceed to discover the fraud which often lies hid in the feigned pretensions to friendship, of the generality of mankind, 'twill be convenient, at least, that I give you some general characters of a knave or false friend,

friend, that wherever you meet with him you may stand upon your guard ; for being forewarned, you may be easily fore-armed : Now some are of opinion, that a knave may be known by his look, and that the countenance is the index of the mind. There is, say they, so odd a turn upon some men's faces, that he must be exceeding charitable or excessive ignorant, that don't suspect them ; when the gallows is almost as visible in their face as their nose ; which is often to be seen in a thorough-paced villain. 'Tis somewhat harder to find out a secret, cunning hypocrite, that manages with art : But this too is not impossible ; for the affected lifting up of his eyes, the busy spreading his hands to bless himself and curse every body else ; the counterfeit devout shaking of the head, and perpetual sigh and groan ; censuring and pitying their betters, which this sort use, does at last, by long custom, leave one certain turn upon the countenance, which does at first sight shew you the cheat, without staying for all the farce, or repeating the whole shew.

But to all this it may be answered, That those marks in a man's face, or any other part, which are usually taken to indicate a knave, are merely accidental as to him, but appointed by his Creator, who certainly puts no man under a necessity to be a knave. So that tho' it be a piece of wit to paint *Judas* with a squint eye, two left legs, a black head and carrot beard ; yet 'tis possible a man may have all these, and be very honest ; And to suppose that the shape

of the nose, the bigness of the brow, or the colour of the hair can have a moral influence on a man's mind, and that a man must be sincere or treacherous, according to the shape, size, and colour of his external parts, is ridiculously absurd.

We must then look for some other distinguishing character of a knave; for his disposition is not written in his forehead. And where does the knavery appear but in the actions of the man? which we shall next consider.

A man of common honesty deals with all other men, who are yet unknown to him, with an indifferent regard to his own security; neither too reserved nor too open; but takes such a prudent caution, that if he is wronged, it fixes the character of knave upon the aggressor, who has no way to clear himself of the imputation, because he had broken thro' those just limits and boundaries of property, which, had he been an honest man, would be untouched. And indeed 'tis no argument that a man is a fool or a weak man, that he has been overreached in this manner; for 'tis impossible for a man to be master of such wisdom and foresight, as to be out of the reach of imposition: And if any one is of another mind, he drops his guard, and of course becomes a prey to the next designing hypocrite he has to do with. For, as one diamond cuts another, so the wisest man in the world may be outwitted, and forced to confess himself fooled. And tho' 'tis common for one to laugh at another upon
such

such occasions, yet they are not all fools that are cheated : Every wise man is not a cunning one ; and there is as much difference between wisdom and sharpening upon this account, as there is between wisdom and wit upon another. There are sly arts that wise men don't understand, because they don't practise them ; and therefore their innocence lays them open to fraud. But this ignorance is so much more to be esteemed than a subtle cunning, that a man would chuse to be injured rather than know the crooked doubles of an hypocrite : 'Tis much safer to be ignorant of them, than to run the hazard of being tempted to use them. 'Tis true, it becomes a man to be " wise as the " serpent ;" but this does not suppose that he must needs understand all the depths of iniquity ; that falshood should become a study ; or the ill arts of men of no conscience and honour, be learned as a science for the instruction of the innocent.

But a knave is to be distinguished from a false friend in this : That those he wrongs are not such as he professes a sincere friendship to, a great veneration and esteem for ; but he practises only upon those that fall in his way by chance ; whereas a treacherous friend, after the most solemn protestations, strongest obligations, and mutual good offices, breaks thro' all, betrays his friend into inconveniences, cancels the sacred bond, and shews the world with a witness, that he has neither conscience, honour, nor common honesty : He as much exceeds

ceeds the knave I mentioned before, as perjury and treachery are more abominable than a petty cheat. The Royal Psalmist never complained with half so much bitterness of the open malice and persecution of his enemies, as he does of the gross falshood of one whom he had trusted: after he has enumerated his other troubles, as an aggravation, and as if there was something in it that out-weighed them all, he adds, “Yea, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.”

We find that there were false friends in that early age of the world; and if we trace the histories of all ages since, down to this time, we shall find some of the same stamp. There was a *Judas* in our Saviour's family, who transgressed in that act which is used as a token of love and friendship, namely a kiss: But his crime was such a monstrous concatenation of villainies, as is not to be paralleled by any other instance whatever: For if we look on it with an eye of mere human virtue, we shall find, that he was guilty not only of treachery to a friend, but ingratitude to a benefactor, and treason to his Lord and Master, which is a very considerable exaggeration of the impiety.

There was a *Cataline* in *Rome*, who sought how to betray his country to ruin.

In the wars with the *Falisci*, *Camillus* had besieged the *Falerians*; but they, secure within the fortifications of their city, were so regardless of the danger, that they walked up and down

down the streets in their gowns, as before. After the manner of *Greece*, they sent their children to a common school, and the master used to walk daily without the walls; he did it often, and by degrees trained them so far onwards, that he brought them unawares within the *Roman* lines, where they were all taken prisoners. He bids the soldiers lead him to *Camillus*, which they having done, he stood in the middle of the tent, and thus bespoke him: I am the master of these boys, and having a greater respect unto thee, than to their relations, I am come to deliver thee the city, in the pledges of these children. *Camillus* heard him, and looking upon it as a base action: War, said he, is a cruel thing, and draws along with it a multitude of injuries and wrongs; yet to good men there are certain laws of war: Nor ought we so to thirst after victory, as to purchase it at the price of unworthy and impious actions. A great captain should rely upon his own virtue, and not obtain his ends by the perfidy and treachery of another. He, therefore to give this unworthy act, and the villainous author of it, his just punishment, commands the lictors to strip the school-master, and tie his hands behind him; and having delivered rods into the hands of his scholars, he bids them whip and scourge the traitor back into the city. The *Falisci* had before this time perceived the treason, and there was a universal mourning among them for so great a calamity, and a great concourse of noble men and women upon the

the walls, in a condition next to lunacy ; when on a sudden appeared the children, driving their master before them, calling *Camillus* their father and preserver. The parents, and the rest of the citizens, were astonished at what they beheld : and having the justice of *Camillus* in great admiration, they called an assembly, and sent ambassadors to let him know, that (subdued by his virtue) they rendered up themselves and theirs freely into his hands.

But sometimes falshood meets with a reward suitable to its desert, which yet is not attended with such bright circumstances, but has a face black as revenge itself. An example follows.

King *Edgar* hearing of the admirable beauty of *Elfrida*, only daughter of *Ordgarus* Duke of *Devonshire*, sent his great favourite Earl *Ethelwold*, to examine the truth thereof, with commission, that if he found her such as fame reported, he should bring her to him, and he would make her his queen. The young Earl, upon sight of the lady, was so surprised, that he began to court her for himself, and had obtained her father's good-will, in case he could obtain the king's consent. Hereupon the Earl posted back to the king, relating to him, that the maid was fair indeed, but nothing answerable to the fame that went of her : Yet he desired the king to let him marry her, thereby to raise his fortune, she being her father's heir. The king consented, and the marriage was solemnized. Soon after which, the fame of her beauty began to spread more than ever ; so that

that the king (much doubting that he had been abused) was resolved to find out the truth himself; and taking occasion to hunt in the Duke's park, he came to his house; which *Ethelwold* suspecting, had before-hand acquainted his lady with the wrong he had done both her and the king; and to prevent the king's displeasure, he entreated her by all means to wear such a habit that day, as might prevent the king's further thoughts about her. But she considering that this was the time to make her market, put on her richest attire, not forgetting her choicest jewels; which so improved her beauty, that the king lost his peace of mind at first sight, and could never renew it without enjoyment: resolving therefore to be revenged on the faithless *Ethelwold*, he dissembled his passion, till he could take him at an advantage; which he soon after did, and thrust him thro' with a javelin; and having thereby made the fair *Elfrida* a widow, he took her to be his wife.

In this example, tho' the punishment inflicted upon *Ethelwold* might be severely just, yet certainly it argued an inhuman savage temper in King *Edgar*, who was so impatient in his revenge, that he would not stay for judgment against him by due course of law, but sunk his character of a king into that of an executioner, to gratify a sensual passion. But the examples I have given being ancient, 'tis not to be supposed from thence, that the present age is so virtuous, as not to afford instances of the same kind

kind: No, many may be produced, and that within my own knowledge and observation: The man is still living, who beginning the world with little or nothing, was raised by his master's favour to a thriving condition: But see "the way of the world!" he was no sooner able to stand alone, but he employed his wits to the utmost in affronting and injuring his benefactor; not content in being his partner, he would needs be his master; nay, he carried his causeless malice so far, as to revile him in the public street, before those who at the same time knew in what a high degree he had been obliged to him. I should not have entered on personal reflection, were I not so deeply interested in the affair myself: And if any think themselves pictured in this passage, let him whom the coat fits take it and wear it. My design not being to expose any person, I shall conceal his name, for which he may think himself obliged to me: And if he has yet so much virtue left, as to blush and amend, when he reads a description of his actions, I may perhaps spare him hereafter; otherwise he shall certainly find a place in the second part.

C H A P. III.

Shewing how a Man may defend himself from the Treacherous Designs of a False Friend ; with Directions how to chuse a Friend.

A Knave must be used like himself, opposed with art and management, but yet not exactly in his own way : Our art must be innocent, and under the direction of our virtue, otherwise it will be very easy to exceed, and next to a miracle if we do not when we are provoked ; and when our passions are high, we are in great danger of losing our virtue to oblige them. 'Tis no rule, that because one man is a cheat, another may venture on the practice of the same little tricks, to ward off a blow, or retaliate an injury ; for the best that can be said of such a pair is, that they are both sharpers : And tho' none but a man of art can either discover or expose the cunning of a hypocrite, as diamonds cut diamonds ; yet 'tis not fit to practise with him, and carry on the countermines in such a manner, that his character should become ours. 'Tis best in this case to stand only on our guard, and, if we can, know where we are designed to be hit, and parry our enemy's weapon : 'Tis no matter whether we trust at him or not ; for a good man learns the art of defence only to preserve himself, not to draw upon others.

However, tho' we have a knave to deal with, 'tis not best to drink too deep of the water of deceit ;

deceit; there is something intoxicating in it, and a man by sordid shifts often hazards his virtue to preserve his interest; nay, he sometimes loses the thing he is desirous to obtain, by being too assiduous in his endeavours for it: One reason is, an honest man cannot keep his countenance in the forming and management of a lye, so well as a knave that is used to it; and the discovery makes him look so much worse than was expected, that were his best friends to be his judges, they would be apt to think him disposed to be a rogue, tho' he failed in the nice operation.

The most secure way then, is to be as reserved as possible, where you have not to do with an intimate, and you will never give him that advantage over you, which he might otherwise take; for he don't know where your strength or weakness lies, which is your blind side, where you are guarded, and where open: Whereas one that we take for our friend, has an easy access to us, and of course has power and opportunity to do us so much the greater mischief. A man naturally keeps guard against an open force; but has no fence against the secret designs of one he has embraced: He has opened his bosom, and shewed his weakness, which makes the attempt of a false friend, who is an unexpected enemy, secure and certain of success. Now this reflection leads to an enquiry, how far any man should admit another to intimacy? and whether he may safely disclose the Arcana of his heart to the person he loves? The determining

termining this point is difficult, because the very question supposes diffidence or distrust, which has been always esteemed incompatible with pure and perfect friendship: So far as any one doubts of another's fidelity, so far they are strangers, and a proportionable degree of jealousy and fear will discover itself; and this will of necessity lessen the affection and esteem on both sides, and tempts to an open rupture and quarrel.

To prevent therefore any treachery in a friend, the best way is, to use more than ordinary caution in the choice of him. This is what I come next to direct, and with it I shall conclude this Chapter and Part.

Rules to be observed in the Choice of a FRIEND.

I. Be cautious and slow; neither entertain too soon, nor with too eager a passion: Heat destroys the judgment, and haste is thrice in four times in the wrong. The knowledge of a man's birth, education, character, condition, conduct, interests, and life, is necessary to the choice of a confidant, in whose bosom a man might safely repose that which concerns his life, fortune, and honour.

II. Our confidence must grow up by degrees, and our trust in another be under the direction of experience. Friendship (that which is really so) grows up with acquaintance, never begins with it. He that trusts without rational ground, betrays himself, and may complain to his own dishonour.

III. Our designs must always be honourable

able, and tho' there may be danger when discovered, yet there can be no shame. In this case, tho' we ought not to have the less care, yet we shall have the less horror, if we happen to be abused. To be betrayed by a pretended friend in the pursuit of an honourable design, heightens the glory of a man of honour, makes his virtue shine, and may do him a kindness with an open enemy; for where any remains of generosity are to be found, tho' the treason is acceptable, yet the traitor is always abhorred, and the man that is thus abused by him, pitied. This, if we are imposed on, leaves the hypocrite that injured us without excuse, is an addition to his torture, and an abatement of ours. But most people have wrong notions of the relation I am now recommending; they prostitute the sacred name, and call that friendship which is only a confederacy in evil: They who espouse their quarrels, tho' ever so unjust, flatter them in their vice, or sooth them in their pride, deserve (they think) the title of friends; and they also fancy that appellation due to all such as 'tis their fortune to be related to, either by affinity, or the closer ties of blood; without considering their merit, or being concerned whether they are virtuous, lovers of justice, and such as act from a well-grounded principle, or not; these are things they can dispense with, and which they look on as unnecessary qualifications, never considering that without them 'tis impossible to have a free, firm, and lasting friendship.

P A R T II.

*The Tricks and Cheats usually practised on
the Unthinking and Ignorant, by Town-
Sharpers.*

C H A P. I.

The Introduction.

BEING to treat of the various methods by which artful cheats gull and make a prey of the unwary, (which are most commonly by gaming) it would not be, I think, unacceptable to make some short reflections on Gaming in general, before I come to detect the particular frauds used in it.

Deep play is the ruin of many young heirs, who often throw off a good estate before they come at it. They stake their honour to ruin their fortunes. No argument has force enough to stop the hand that is turned to the box and dice. The mischief of it does not, as in most cases, bring the actor to repentance; but this foolish passion increases with the loss and injury the gamester suffers: He fancies, that the same way he lost, he may win; and the hopes
of

of a lucky hit that may redeem all, stifles his reflection upon a multitude of unlucky throws. To advise him in such a humour, is to make a speech to a madman; the subject is prepossessed, and the avenues to reason stopped up; and the nearer he is to ruin, he is the more eager to be undone.

The diversion and entertainment of play is the great excuse for the hazard: Every-body pleads privilege for recreation, and to be judge in the choice of it. But this is but a thin excuse; for if pleasure be all, why is the stake so high? And why is it pursued like business, and with all the eagerness of trade? Is the pleasure of throwing Seven or Eleven worth so many pounds as are commonly thrown away at hazard? Does the gamester always sit easy? and is he never in pain for a deal or a cast? Certainly he can have nothing of human nature about him, that is cheated with this pretence: For the fear of a little loss gives uneasiness, tho' it may be no more than serves to give a relish to our pleasure when we win; but the apprehension of a great loss is a torment not to be endured. Besides this, there is a certain witchcraft in playing on, and win or lose, 'tis a hard matter to draw off.

Now if the plea of recreation would keep up its force, at least the gaming-table should be brought under strict discipline; the time of play limited to a few hours, and the main to a few pieces; so that charity should not be forgot for the sake of sport, nor the hospitals be robbed

robbed to support the groom-porter. The character of a man ought to be his guide as to the sum: A man of quality should never play for more than he might throw away on any other diversion, and those of a lower rank should not lose more at a time than they can bear, without any detriment to their affairs.

In short, gaming is an enchanting witchcraft, begotten by those two devils, Idleness and Avarice: It so infatuates a man, that it renders him incapable of prosecuting his more serious affairs, and makes him quarrel with his condition, tho' ever so good: If he wins, the success so elevates him, that his mad joys carry him to the height of all excesses; if he loses, his misfortunes plunges him into the depth of despair.

Tully mentions one, that “nec bonam nec
“malam fortunam ferre potest,—could bear
neither prosperity nor adversity:” And 'tis said
of *Marcellus*, that he could neither be quiet
when conqueror, nor when overcome. This is
exactly true of gamesters: They are never
satisfied, winning or losing they must play on:
If they win, they hope still to encrease their
store; and if they lose, they hope to recover
their lost money. 'Twas a witty question of the
philosopher, Whether men in a ship at sea were
to be accounted “inter vivos, vel mortuos:
among the living, or the dead;” since there
were but two or three inches between them and
drowning? The query is apropos to the game-
sters; for 'tis yet undetermined, whether they
are

are “divites vel pauperes, rich or poor,” since there are but a few casts at dice between a person of fortune (in that circumstance) and a beggar.

’Tis credibly reported of a gentleman belonging to one of the offices of the law, who was not only well cliented, but had a good estate of his own, and a considerable sum of money by him; that he was invited to play by some of his cronies; he engaged with them, and by the help of good-fortune won 2000 guineas; but not content with that sum, he played on, lost all back, with his own estate, sold his place in the office, and lost that too; at last he transported himself to a plantation in *America*; where by his remorse and grief he was soon sent out of the world. This is the common destiny of a decayed gamester; at best he is preferred to be but a marker.

Another constant attendant on gaming, is, the frequent quarrels which happen about the throws; for if a man plays upon the square, and happen to win any thing considerable, he will be suspected by those that lose, that he has put a trick upon them, by changing the dice; and then right or wrong they will quarrel with him, more for vexation at their loss, than any just ground of complaint that they have against him.

Having premised thus much concerning gaming in general, I proceed to detect the particular frauds of it: And tho’ there are many sorts of games used by professed gamesters, yet
dice

dice being the chief, and affording a larger field of matter, I shall begin with the cheats in them, but not wholly confine myself to that subject.

CHAP. II.

Of the Frauds and Tricks in Gaming, and particularly of several Cheats in Playing at Dice.

I Come now, according to my promise, to give you some particular account of the cheats used in playing at dice; which I shall do in the words of an experienced master-gamster instructing his pupil, which are as follow.

In the first place you must have constantly about you all sorts of dice, which they call *Fullums*, and you are to prepare in the following manner; You must have some of them *High-Fullums*, that is, to run 4, 5, and 6; and others must be *Low-Fullums*, that is 1, 2, and 3. These dice must be drilled at the holes, and loaded with quick-silver, and then you may stop the holes again with pitch; or you may file the corners of them a little, and make them run what number you please: By this means you may furnish yourself with dice that run, some nothing but a Cinque, others a Deux, &c. which are very useful either at Tables or Hazard, for taking of Points, entering, or throwing

ing a Main. These are the implements you must furnish yourself with, and are as necessary to your occupation, as tools to a mechanic.

In case of necessity, if you have none of these artificial helps about you, then your hand must supply your wants by *Palming* the die; that is, having your box in your hand, you nimbly take up both the dice as they are thrown, within the hollow of your hand, and put but one into the box, reserving the other in your palm, and observing with a quick eye what side was upward, and so accordingly conform the next throw to your purpose, by delivering that in the box and the other in your hand smoothly together.

You may sometimes use *Topping*; which is by pretending to put both dice into the box, but still holding one of them between your fingers, which you must turn to your advantage.

Knapping is when you strike one die dead, and let the other *run a Millstone*, either at Tables or Hazard.

Slurring is when you throw your dice so smoothly on the table that they turn not; for which you must chuse the smoothest part of the table: Some are so dexterous at this, that they will flur a die a yard in length without turning.

Hazard, In and In, and Passage, are the principal games in a gambling house: but you may find professors enough of them elsewhere; wherefore 'tis required that you pass through these several classes, for fear of being bubbled by
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some other dexterity, of which they have great variety.

Hazard is a game that makes a quick rid-dance on one side or other, and therefore the name is well adapted to it; for in *Setting* or *Buttering*, (that is, doubling the last stake) one or other is soon broke.

A *Main* at *Hazard*, is that cast of the die, that is thrown first, provided it be above 4, and under 10, otherwise it is no *Main*; so that there are 5 *Mains*, viz. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; to these *Mains* there are 7 *Chances*, viz. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. 2 and 3 are general outs or losses to them all; 11 is out to 5, 6, 8, or 9; 12 is out to 5, 7, or 9; but it nicks 6 or 8, as 11 does 7, and 5 does 5, 6 does 6, and so on to 9. After the second throw, the cast that comes first of the two wins first. It is most advantageous for a gamester that it may be Quater-Ace against *Cinque-Deux*, or Tres-Ace against *Cinque-Tres*.

At *Hazard*, tho' 20 set you, yet if you knock with your box but to one, all the rest withdraw their money; and as many as you knock to with your box must pay if you win, or you must pay to them the sums they set you if you lose. If you throw at all, and win, you sweep all. If you set, and the caster refuse you, yet if another cover you, it is the same thing.

At *In and In*, you play with four dice, and may rise from a shilling to a pound; *In* is when Doublets appear, *Out* when none; *In*
and

and *In* is when three of any sort appear, or all the four.

At *Passage* you play with three dice; and you cannot *pass* except you throw Doublets above 9? and if you throw less than 9 it signifies nothing, but you must throw on.

I had now passed on to *Ombre*, *Basset*, *Irisb* *Backgammon*, and other games on the dice; but those I have given some short directions about, being the chief of those made use of by the town-sharpers, and brevity being my design, I shall omit them, and proceed to discover some of the most notable frauds practised by gamesters.

The most usual places for the gamesters' haunts are the Gaming Ordinaries, where the master provides a dinner about four o'clock, and after dinner the gentlemen that dine there take a box and dice, to play, more for diversion than avarice; but towards night these houses are resorted to by a certain set of men called *Rooks*, who are masters of all the arts of gaming; and if there happen to come any country gentleman, merchant's apprentice, &c. who has more money than wit, they will be sure to fasten on him. Sometimes, if they perceive him to be full of money, tho' they never saw him before, yet they will importunately desire him to lend them some; or else one of them will engage him to play, and so worry him by advantageous bets, that he shall go away with no more money, than he had wit when he came in. Otherwise, they have a trick which can't be

be easily helped, and that is, to throw at your money with a *Dry Fist* (as they call it) and if they *nick you* 'tis theirs, if they lose, they'll owe you so much; and if you demand your money peremptorily, they'll tell you, *Anon will serve turn*, and so take their opportunity to rub off.

Two of these sparks came one night to a table, and there being a vacancy, one of them draws the chair and sits down, but as often as the box came to him he passed it, and sat only as a spectator; till at length one of those who were at play, said to him in a pet, sir, if you won't play, what do you sit there for? Upon which he snatched up the box, and said, set me what you will, and I'll throw at it. One of the gentlemen set him two guineas, which he won; and then he set him four, which he nicked also; the rest of the gentlemen who were at the table took his part who had lost, and set to the stranger, who by a little art, and a great deal of luck, won almost all the money they had about them; and presently after, having thrown out, he rose up from the table, and went to his companion by the fire side, who asked him how he durst be so audacious as to venture at first, knowing he had hardly a shilling in his pocket? One of the losers over-hearing what was said, How's that, says he! had you no money when you began to play? That is no matter, answers the winner, I have enough now; and if you had won of me, you must have been content to have kicked, buffeted, or bumped me, and you should have done it so long,

long, that yourself might say you were satisfied: Besides, sir, said he, I am a soldier, and have often faced the mouths of thundering cannon for six pence a day; and do you think I would not hazard the tossing in a blanket for so much much money? All that were concerned wondered at his confidence; but he laughed heartily at their folly and his own good fortune, and so marched off with a light heart and a heavy purse.

Besides, there are a certain sort of rooks, whose outside speaks them gentlemen of the first rank; yet they seldom play in an ordinary, but will sit there a whole evening to observe who wins; if it be considerable, and the winner seems pliable and generous, he'll endeavour to insinuate into his acquaintance by congratulating his success, applauding his happy hand; then he'll prompt him to a glass of wine, to drink to the continuance of his good fortune. Having got him to a tavern, the next step is to wheedle him into play, and it being perhaps late at night, and the gentleman's eyes dim with looking earnestly and watching, he'll be sure to put the false dice upon him, or otherwise cheat him by Palming, Slurring, Topping, &c. by which means he's almost sure to win a good part of the gentleman's money, if not all. And that he may not be suspected, he'll play sometimes upon the square, and lose considerably; but he'll soon recover it when he thinks he has gone down-hill far enough: Tho' it sometimes happens that the cheat is served in his

his kind, and the bubble has not wit enough to leave off while he is on the winning-hand, or at least upon the turn of his fortune.

But as a farther evidence of the mischiefs of gaming, I need only refer you to some instances, which I shall set down not only from history, but the narrow limits of my own knowledge and observation: I shall begin with the former.

A famous *Italian* gamester, called *Pimentel*, coming to the Court of *France*, and having before heard what a humour of gaming reigned there, had caused a great number of false dice to be made, of which himself only knew the High and Low-Fullums, and hired men to carry them into *France*, where after they had bought up and conveyed away all the dice they could meet with in *Paris*, they supplied the shops with these false ones; by which means *Pimentel* having as it were bound fortune to be on his side, he insinuated himself into the acquaintance of the nobility, and by the favour of some of his own nation, he was soon admitted to the King's presence as a gamester. He not only got considerable sums from the King, but the nobility also tasted the same fortune; of whom the Duke of *Espernon* was one of the chief, who lost all his ready cash, and many of his jewels; and *Pimentel* afterwards won of him a prodigious large piece of *Ambergris*, valued at twenty thousand crowns, which was the greatest that was ever seen in *Europe*, and which was afterwards laid up by the republic of *Venice*,
to

to whom it was sold, in their treasury, for a great rarity.

The Emperor *Nero* was so addicted to gaming, that he ventured four hundred thousand sesterces upon every spot of the die, which is above three thousand three hundred pounds. The same thing is said of *Caligula*.

Sir *Miles Patridge* played at dice with King *Henry* the Eighth for four of the largest bells in *London*; and tho' he won, and brought the bells to ring in his pocket, yet the ropes caught him by the neck; for in King *Edward* the Sixth's reign he was for some offences hanged.

Adam Steckman of *Alsace*, a vine dresser, having received his wages, lost it all at dice; and wanting wherewithal to maintain his family, he grew so disturbed in mind, that in his wife's absence, he cut the throats of his three children, and would have hanged himself; but not effecting it before his wife's return, she seeing so dismal a spectacle, gave a shriek, and fell down dead; upon which the neighbourhood being raised, they came in and apprehended the man, who was according to his demerit adjudged to a severe death, which he suffered.

John Gonzaga a rich Spaniard, having lost at play a very great sum of money, his son *Alexander* standing by, shewed some dislike at it: Whereupon the father turning to them that looked on, *Alexander* the Great, says he, hearing of a victory that his father had gained, is reported to have been sad at the news, as fearing there would be nothing left for

for himself to gain ; but my son *Alexander* is afflicted at my loss, as fearing there will be nothing left for him to lose.

But for an unquestionable testimony of the mischiefs that often arise from gaming, I need do no other than give you that noted passage of *Fincelius*, who says, That near *Bellissima* in *Switzerland*, three men were playing at dice on the Sabbath-day ; and one of them, called *Ulrick Scræterus*, having lost much money, and at last expecting a good cast, broke out into a most prodigiously blasphemous speech, threatening, that *if fortune deceived him then, he would thrust his dagger into the very Body of GOD as far as he could !* The cast miscarrying, he drew his dagger, and threw it against Heaven with all his might ; when behold the dagger vanished ! and several drops of blood fell upon the table in the midst of them ; and the devil came and carried away the blasphemous wretch with such a noise and stink, that the whole city was amazed at it ! the others, half distracted with fear, strove to wipe out the drops of blood that were upon the table, but the more they rubbed them, the more plainly they appeared. The rumour hereof flying to the city, multitudes of people flocked to the place, where they found the gamesters washing the board, whom they bound with chains, and carried towards the prison ; but as they were upon the way, one of them was suddenly struck dead, with such a number of lice creeping out of him, as was wonderful
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loathsome to behold : The third was immediately put to death by the citizens, to avert the divine indignation and vengeance, which seemed to hang over their heads. The table was preserved in the place, and kept as a monument of the judgment of God on blasphemers and Sabbath breakers, and to shew the mischiefs and calamities that attend gaming.

Those who make a practice of gaming, so as to make it their sole employment, as they have many ways to noose unwary woodcocks, and deprive them of their plumes, when they meet with them ; so they have their tricks to come into their company, and get acquainted with them, of which I shall give you a late and true story, which is by many persons now alive known to be so.

A young gentleman having by the loss of a relation got an estate, thought himself wise enough for the management of it, without the advice of his friends ; by which means he in short, managed it all away, and ran thro' it in about a year and a half, upon which he soon became very needy, and so a fit subject to be moulded into any shape that had an appearance of profit. One day it happened that a person came to enquire for him, and meeting with him, he asked him to accept of a bottle or two of wine : Our young gallant, after some excuses, agreed to go ; when they were at the tavern, this deluder begins to lament the other's case, and told him withal, That his condition was not irretrievable, but if he would be ruled
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by him, he would engage he might live as well as ever he did, and be worth eight hundred or a thousand pound at the year's end. Our young gentleman was undoubtedly possessed with a curiosity to know by what means this must be done: Come along with me, says t'other, and I'll let you know. The hopes of recovering himself out of his mean state made him soon yield. The stranger then called for a coach, and conducted him to a large house, in a street not inferior to the best in *London*, and rapping at the door, he was let in, and introduced by him who brought him thither, to one, who by the furniture of his house, habit, and attendance, seemed no less than a nobleman. This person, after some discourse, told him he had sent for him, having heard of his misfortunes, and out of kindness would propose something to his advantage. I know, said he, you have lived very well, and are yet acquainted with abundance of gentlemen: Now I'll give you a note of a hundred pounds, which you may go and receive presently, and get into company with them, and by some means or other help me to get into their acquaintance, and when we are together, propose to play a game at something or other for diversion. Now, when we are at play, be sure you always lay wagers on their side, that you losing your money as well as they, you may continue to be unsuspected by them; and as for what you lose, I'll return it you again, with your share of what I win of them: And by this means you need
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not doubt but you may bid adieu to poverty and meanness, and may live in more grandeur than ever.

A proposal of such consequence put our young gentleman to a sort of nonplus; but at last breaking silence, he told the gentleman, he thanked him for his extreme civility to him who was an utter stranger, but he desired a day's time to consider of it: Which being granted, he took his leave and departed. When he came home, he was extremely pensive; but at last reflecting on the ill consequences of striking in with the proposal, he resolved with himself to refuse it; for, thought he, should I agree, I may perhaps get money; but then I shall be the ruin of many young gentlemen my acquaintances, who having lost all, and thereby disoblinded their friends, will perhaps take refuge on the highway, and there commit such crimes as may bring them to an untimely death: And shall I build my fortune on the ruin of my friends' lives and estates? God forbid that I should be ever guilty of so inhuman a crime.

By such considerations as these, he strengthened his mind to resist this temptation, and in short overcame it, by returning answer the next day, that he would not comply with their desires.

Before I proceed to the other cheats which are practised about the town, 'twill not, I hope, be unacceptable to the reader, to let him see that there were sharpers in former days; to
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which purpose I shall give him an instance or two.

In the reign of *Francis* the First, King of *France*, a notable sharper dressed like a gentleman, was perceived by the King to be diving into the purse that the Cardinal of *Lorraine* had hanging by his side, as he was at mass. The thief seeing himself discovered, held up his finger to the King, making a sign that he should take no notice, and he should see good sport. The King, glad of such an occasion of mirth, let him alone; and within a while after, coming to the Cardinal, he took occasion in discourse to oblige him to go to his purse for money, which he missing, began to wonder; but the King knowing which way it went, was more than ordinarily merry; till being tired with laughter, he was willing that the Cardinal might have again what was taken from him: But whereas the King thought that he who took the money was an honest gentleman and of some account, in that he was so resolute, and kept his countenance so well; yet time, made appear that he was a most cunning cheat, who acted not in jest, but making as if he jested, was in good earnest. Then the Cardinal turned all the laughter against the King, who using his common oath, swore by the faith of a gentleman, it was the first time that ever a thief made him his companion.

In the time of Pope *Paul*, a certain Cardinal having made a great feast, and the silver vessels being locked up in a large trunk that stood

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in a little room next to the hall where the feast was; while many servants were waiting in that room for their masters, a man came in, drest in a jacket, and accoutred in all respects like the steward of the house: He coming to those who sat on the trunk, desired them to arise, because he was to use it; which they having done, he caused it to be taken up by certain porters that followed him in, and went clear away with it; the steward, and all the rest of the Cardinal's servants being at supper at the same time.

But for a masterpiece of knavery; we are beholden to one *Peter Brabantius* of *Paris*, who could speak as often as he pleased from his belly, without moving his lips, tho' his mouth was open. This man happened to get information that a rich merchant of *Lyons* was lately dead, who by unjust arts, as all men believed, had attained a very great estate. *Brabantius* comes to *Cornutus*, the only son and heir of this merchant, as he was walking in a portico behind the churchyard of *Nôtre Dame*, and tells him he was sent to inform him of what was to be done by him; That it was requisite rather to think of the release of his father's soul, than on his death. On a sudden, while they were discoursing, a voice was heard, as if it was that of the father (which though it proceeded from the belly of *Brabantius*, yet he feigned to be wonderfully frightened at it.) The voice was to inform the son what state the father was now in by reason of his injustice,

what tortures he endured in purgatory both upon his own and his son's account, in being guilty of so many acts of injustice and extortion in amassing together so much riches, which he had now left to his son; and that no release thence was to be expected by him till his son had made expiation for his offences, by imparting of his store liberally to such as had most need; and they were those unhappy christians, who being taken prisoners were made slaves, and underwent the most grievous hardships: That he should credit the man that was then before him, who was appointed by especial providence to come to him, and employed by religious persons for the redemption of the miserable captives at *Constantinople*, *Cornutus* was much affected with that part of the discourse relative to his father's sufferings, and thought himself in duty bound, if possible, to get him released; but being nevertheless loth to part with his money, told him, That he'd consider on't that day, and the next *Brabantius* should meet him at the same place. In the meantime, *Cornutus*, suspecting there might be some collusion in the place, because shady, dark, and apt enough for echoes, or other deceptions; when he met him again, takes him into an open plain, that had neither bush nor briar, and consequently (as he thought) no possibility of deceit: There the voice read him the same lesson, adding moreover, that he should deliver six thousand franks to *Brabantius*, and purchase three masses daily to be said for him, or else
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the miserable soul of his father could not be freed. *Cornutus* being now fully persuaded that it was a divine revelation, and being bound by conscience, duty and religion, did, with some reluctance, deliver him the money without receipt, or other witness of the payment of it. This passed on, and he hearing no more of his father, concluded that he was certainly happy, insomuch that he began to be more jocund and pleasant than ordinary. This change in his humour was soon taken notice of by his companions, who could not but be much surprised at it; at last, upon their importunity, he related to them what had befallen him, omitting no material circumstance. His comrades having before heard of some notable pranks played by *Brabantius*, began to ask him for a description of the person to whom he paid the money, and upon examination found him to be the same person (who by this time was got far enough from a prosecution for his knavery) at which they so derided him, and plied him with jeers, that he grew melancholy, and in a short time after, with grief to lose his money, and shame to be so imposed on, he died.

C H A P. III.

Of Cups and Balls.

BUT 'tis time I proceed to the discovery of those many cheats practised in *London* by the sharpers: And the first I shall begin with is their playing with cups and a ball, or thimbles and a button. The manner of it is this:

Our sharper having furnished himself with three three thimbles or wooden cups of something a larger size, and a shirt-button, by continual practice becomes so dexterous in changing the places of the cups, and shifting the ball or button from under one cup to another, that it is a very difficult (or next to impossible) thing for a spectator to know which of the cups the ball is under; and when he has shifted them till the by-stander has lost sight of the cup under which the ball is, he'll offer you a wager that you don't know where it is. But we must not forget the trick he has to catch up the ball sometimes between his fingers, so that 'tis impossible a by-stander should find it under any of the cups, let him take which he will: But passing this by, as seldom practised, were there but two cups, you had an equal chance, wink and chuse; but there being three, he has the advantage of two to one; and tho' you are never so intent upon what he's doing, yet he changes the places of the ball so sily and nimbly,

nimbly, that you can't discover when or where he puts it. Nay, if you seem backward to lay, he'll turn his head another way, and give an opportunity to a confederate that stands by, and knows how 'tis done, to take up the cup and shew you where the ball is; which he not minding, goes on to shift them still; and to be sure he changes the place of the ball, and perhaps makes two or three motions, before he offers you the wager again; and if you take him up, you have just two to one against you.

If you have been bitten once or twice, or oftener, and become shy and cautious, he has his gang about him to draw you in: Perhaps one of them will venture half a crown or a crown alone at first, which he's sure to win, and perhaps two or three after it, and upon your applauding his good luck, he'll offer you to let you be his partner; and if he finds you are stored with money, and disposed to play, he'll let you win with him something at first to encourage you; but afterwards, your luck will turn again, and you will not win above once in three or four times, by which means they bubble many an unwary woodcock out of all his portable cash. Nay, if he goes your halves, he'll be the man that shall take up the cup, and he'll on purpose take up the wrong, and so by losing his own money in jest, he'll win yours in earnest.

This gang have commonly as many different habits, as there are days in a week, and upon occasion they'll change with one another,

to the end they may keep as much as possible from being known and noted.

Nor are they more uncertain in their habits, than they are in their places of resort, and continuance in them. One part of the day you shall have them in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, the next perhaps at *Charing-Cross*, *Moorfields*, *Tower-Hill*, *Smithfield-Rounds*, or any other place, wheresoever they think they are least known: And when they take up their standing, they don't go all together, but the operator first takes his place, and afterwards the rest come singly, as if by accident coming that way. Neither do they stay long in one place; for if any one, finding by dear experience that they are sharpeners, does but threaten them with the sight of a constable, they immediately adjourn to some neighbouring alehouse, from whence, while the cully is gone to fetch the peace-officer, they make their escape, and he may look for them where he will.

Pitching at the Nine Holes is a game that is practised by the same sort of *Ubiquitarians*, and commonly in the same places,, and in which they use the same sort of tricks to delude and draw in unwary chubs: But yet the game itself is different, and is thus performed: They get a board called the *Nine Holes*, and standing at the distance of five or six yards from it, the gamester throws a flattish bowl, lighting it on the ground within a yard of the board, and endeavours to throw it through a certain hole in the board, commonly number IX. Now he
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has by frequent private practice grown so expert, that he can when he pleases do it, (tho' he oftentimes misses for a decoy) and consequently is sure of winning when he will, which he does by throwing the bowl through once in three times. He commonly has his gang attending on him, for the same purpose with the forementioned, who have the same tricks to avoid being known and prosecuted.

Another trick used by the same company is this; when they go together, one of them privately drops a guinea, which the other takes up in the presence of some country-man who they design shall give part of his store to them. Immediately he that dropped it asks the other what he has found? who answers a guinea. He cries he ought to have a share, being present when 'twas found: No, says the other, that's not right; but after some debate they agree to go to the tavern and spend half of it, to which the country-man is invited, as having partly a right to it. If the novice is so good-humoured and free as to go with them, the next thing is to sound the depth of his pocket; to which end they begin to talk about indifferent affairs, such as their several pretended businesses, on purpose to draw the stranger in to give them an account in his turn of his concerns and business at present.

But if they beforehand know he's a man of substance, they wave all this, and fall the sooner to their intended design, which is thus brought about.

One of the sharpers pulls out a pair of marked cards, and lays them secretly in the window, over the chimney, or some other place agreed on betwixt them, whither the other going accidentally on purpose, finds and discovers them, making a proposal withal to his companion to play a game, which he soon consents to; and to play they go, not forgetting in the mean time to drink about lustily, and bring the woodcock into a good humour.

When they have played a set or two, he that's beaten gives out, upon which the conqueror challenges the country-man to play a game; Well, says t'other, if you'll play with him, and revenge my quarrel, I'll go your halves. They play a game or two, and the sharper lets the countryman win, till he draws him in to play for higher stakes, and then he's sure to beat him; for he knows every card by its back, and thereby has subjected the spirit of play, so that his antagonist has nothing like an equal chance. In short when they find he's almost drawn dry, or perhaps makes a resolution, to play no more than the game he's about, his partner flies off to the other side; and will wager against him too, that since 'tis the last game, it may be the best.

Or if they cannot draw him in to play, they have another trick to play with him; that is, if they see a fine ring on his finger, or if he pulls out a watch, they contrive to make themselves masters on't. To that end, one of them pretending to admire the ring, desires to see it
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off his finger, which the other consents to, and delivers it to him without suspicion: The first having looked on it awhile, the other must needs see it too; but he that has it, instead of giving him the true ring, gives him another of his own which he taking and looking on a little while, the other goes out, pretending business, but indeed goes quite away with the ring. The stranger wondering at his long stay, and the other's delaying to give him his ring, at last civilly demands it of him; who in a seeming surprize cries out, fir, didn't he give you your ring again? No, says the other, he gave it into your hand. O, fir, replies he, that is a great mistake; the ring he gave me was my own, which I gave him to look on as you did yours, and to convince you, here 'tis. The poor countryman finding himself thus cheated, thinks it his right to make the best of a bad market; for if he grows angry, or hectors and bounces, the other can do it as fast; and if they get into the street, he has one or other of his garg to help him off: Nay if they go before a justice, he has some to testify to his reputation, or swear for him if there be occasion.

Since I have mentioned watches, 'twill not be amiss to relate what a trick a friend of mine (a watch-maker) was served by two of these sparks.

One of them comes to him at his house near *Doctors-Commons*, and tells him; Mr. N. there is an old uncle of mine in *Kent*, from whom I expect

I expect some considerable master, has desired me to buy a watch; but I can't raise money enough to lay down for it: Now (continues he) I don't desire you to trust me, but make a watch, and you may with your own hands deliver it to the hoyman at *Brown's-Wharf*, with a charge not to leave the watch without the money be paid down. Accordingly my friend made the watch, and at the day appointed goes with his chapman and another to deliver it to the hoyman; which he did with the aforesaid caution, the hoyman promising to observe it, and at the next return, he would produce either the watch or so much money; to which bargain the other two were witnesses. Now they had not parted from the hoyman an hour, before the two went back, and pretending there was something to mend in it, that it could not be sent before the next voyage, desired the hoyman to redeliver it, which he did without suspecting any fraud. When the hoyman came to town again, the watchmaker went expecting either his watch or money, and therefore innocently demanded of the hoyman, whether he had disposed of the watch? But upon the hoyman's telling him that his friends had fetched it back before he went away, and that he expected it to carry down the next time he went, the watchmaker began to smell a rat, and finding that the watch was irrecoverably gone, was resolved to get his money of the hoyman, and therefore arrested him; but he finding sufficient bail, stood trial with him, and
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after several removes, and a great deal of money spent on both sides, the hoyman, got the better, and was allowed the costs of the court; which the other not being well able to pay and having run in debt to carry on his suit, was forced to leave off his trade, and take refuge in a troop of horse-grenadiers, where a friend of his bought him a place.

Amongst those that are reducible to this class (*town cheats*) I may very well reckon the professors of judicial astrology, or the worshipful society of *philomaths*, inhabiting a certain place called *Moorfields*. For they are not worthy to be accounted amongst tradesmen, whether those that profess the mercantile or mechanic part. And in the discovery of their frauds, I shall use this method.

1. I shall give some account of their art, their terms of art, and manner of proceeding in erecting schemes.

2. I'll give you some entertaining histories of their imposing their nonsensical cant upon mankind, for solid sense, and the most profound knowledge.

In the first place then, they form to themselves an idea of seven planets or wandering stars, to some of which they assign benign influences, and to others (with as little reason) a malign power. Some of these planets move, with a greater velocity than others. Next, say they, there is a great circle in the heavens, (tho' 'tis to be found no where but in their whimsical

whimsical noddles) called the *Zodiack*, divided into 12 equal parts, of which they assign a chimerical sign, through which the planets make their several revolutions, and that their being located or placed in these signs, does either strengthen or debilitate the good or bad influence of the planets, according to the dispositions of the signs themselves. Again, they consider the distance between the planets thus located, and thereon depends another great part of their dignity or debility. For (say they) a conjunction mightily strengthens the influence of two planets of like disposition; but if they are of contrary ones, they are engaged in wars for the mastery: A Trine they hold to be a good aspect, but a Quartile the contrary; Sextile a good one; and Opposition the worst of all. Thus by considering the several positions of the planets, they make their conjectures; but to amuse the vulgar they must not do it without the previous ceremony of a Scheme, which is a square divided into 12 parts or houses, to each of which they affix one of the signs.

The next business is to take the several degrees that the planets are advanced in these signs or houses, and thereby to make an estimate of their distance one from another, which (as I hinted before,) they call the Mutual Aspects of the planets: upon which they proceed to account for the several dignities, debilities, stations, directions, afflictions, with a prodigious deal of such unintelligible cant; they

they running on in this barbarous jargon for a considerable time.

What more needs to be said to evince, that all the terms they make use of are but so many decoys to beget in you an opinion of their egregious sagacity?

I come now to the second thing I proposed with respect to the astrologers; viz. to give you some entertaining histories of their imposing their nonsensical cant upon the world, for solid sense, and the most profound knowledge.

One of these pretenders to science, had a servant who usually examined the querists before they came to himself; and this was usually done in a place where he could overhear their discourse, being favoured by a very thin partition between two rooms. Now it happened that a man having by a fall down a pair of stairs, broke his leg, sent his wife to one of these egregious philosophers with some of his urine in a glass, (for you must note by the way, that they are most of them conjurers, and can tell a man's case by a view of his urine, as well as if they were acquainted with his *Hyeg.*) The woman was first examined by the servant; to whom she told her husband's case; which the doctor heard so well, as to understand the whole matter, except that he knew not whether his patient had fallen down a whole pair of stairs, or only some few steps. But his man ringing the bell, he seemed to come from the farthest part of the

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the house and wholly unacquainted with what the querist would have; but after a formal salutation, the woman gives him the urinal, which he looking on, expressed his mind in the following manner. Such are the propitious aspects of the celestial bodies, that I am at present illuminated by a benign influence, which wholly takes away any the least obnubilation of my intellects, rendering the most remote objects of my thoughts nigh and at hand, and therefore I am more capable in this fortunate hour to solve the most obscure Intricacies; Therefore according to my intuitive knowledge I pronounce, that the person, from whose blood this liquor was secreted, has unhappily fractured not only his *Fibula* but his *Tibia* likewise, by an involuntary cadence from an ascent, which seems to be not above four or five steps—Here the good Woman interrupted him by saying, That her husband fell down a whole pair of stairs, but wondered withal how he came to hit the right nail on the head. The doctor very gravely replies, 'Tis strange I should at this time be mistaken in the most minute circumstance, and it must certainly proceed from some other cause than any defect in my knowledge; wherefore pray tell me is here all the urine? No, Sir, says she, I left it above half behind. There's the reason of the mistake, says he, for since I have discovered 4 or 5 steps in this quantity of urine, which you acknowledge not to be half, you need not doubt, but if you had brought it

at all, I should have been able to have told you the exact number of the steps he fell down.

Thus the doctor brought himself off, and saved his credit; nay, his guessing the circumstances so exactly, made the woman spread his fame abroad more than ever.

But some of these sham doctors will not be content with the reputation of being conversant with the stars, but must also pretend to be students and proficient in the Black Art: To which purpose I shall give you a notable history of one who was as much a conjurer as the best of them, and performed his part neatly, so that he came off with great applause.

A young gentleman falling in love with the daughter of a wealthy merchant, could not, because of some disagreement of their parents, be made happy in her embraces. For which reason he went to travel, and among many other places he came to *Hamburg*, where he happened to be in the company of a gentleman, who speaking of his brother at *London*, said he was lately married to the daughter of Mr. — a merchant. The gentleman hearing a name mentioned, which was the same with his former mistress's father, began to enquire where this gentleman's brother, who was lately married, lived; and being certified of his name, and place of abode, went to *England* the next opportunity. When he came ashore at *London*, he went immediately

diately to the house he had notice of at *Hamburgh*, and enquiring for the gentleman, found he was gone out of town, and would not come home that night. He then enquired for the lady (whom he well knew, though she did not remember him, he being much altered by the cutting off his hair; and the Small Pox) and pretending to have letters of recommendation from her husband's brother at *Hamburgh*, desired to be entertained as a servant: The lady returned, That her husband being absent, she could not give him decisive answer; but since he had letters from his brother-in-law, he would be welcome to a night's lodging in the house. He entertained the offer (seemingly) with abundance of thankfulness, and thereupon went into the house. The lady pretending to be not well, was for going to bed, intending thereby to post him to bed supperless; which he taking notice of, desired a glass of beer. When the maid was gone to fetch it, he had leisure to look about, and amongst other things, he espy'd in the next room a cloth laid in ample manner, as if for some banquet; whereupon, concluding that all this preparation could not be for the next day, but that somebody was to come in the husband's absence, and partake of those dainties at which his own mouth watered (he being very hungry) he resolved to pry into all their actions, which he conveniently could. Now it happened, that he could never have been a more unwelcome guest than

than at that time : For the lady's husband being an old man, whom she was obliged by her parents to marry, made an assignation with a young gentleman, and this was the night the gallant was to come.

He came at the appointed hour, and was received with all the endearing tenderness imaginable. This made the other regret his hard lot ; but yet he was resolved to see the utmost of the matter. They had hardly begun supper, when a knocking was heard at the door, and the maid looking out saw it was her master ; which threw them into such consternation, that had she not been a woman of a ready invention, and extraordinary presence of mind, her fear had certainly made her incapable of taking herself so quickly to her couch with her prayer-book in her hand ; having thrust her spark, the viands, table, bottles, and all into an adjoining closet.

Her husband coming in, thought himself happy in a wife, who was constantly at her prayers ; and after some little discourse, said, that he was going to *Gravesend*, to give orders about the lading of a ship, but had heard she had heard she had fell down to the *Nore* ; and coming off the Water, he was very hungry, and must have something for supper. His virtuous wife told him, that he being abroad, she had drest nothing, but had made shift with what was left at dinner. This was the opportunity that the stranger took to shew himself

himself; and being demanded by the master of the house who he was, the lady presently answered. he was one who had letters of recommendation to be a servant, from her brother-in-law at *Hamburg*. But how are you qualified, said the old Don; I have (says the other) been bred a scholar, and taken some degrees at the university; I can write a good hand, and understand accounts well; besides which, whilst I was a scholar at *Oxford*, I spent some time in the study of *Magick*, or the *Black Art*; for which I was expelled the university. I can perform something wonderful, yet without danger; I can discover private enemies, reveal robberies, help right owners to goods stolen or lost, and to ships becalmed procure a wind that will bring them to the desired port. I wish, said the old gentleman, you could help me to a good supper to-night, for my appetite is very sharp. Yes (says the other) that I'll do presently, if you please; and thereupon assured him he had power by his art to make good his promise. The lady perceiving what he meant, and fearing some discovery of her intrigue, opposed it violently, till the sham conjurer assured her by a private sign that he would take care of her honor; and then she consented, upon condition, that she should see nothing that was affrighting. Our magician then began his incantations in the following manner: *Mephorb*us! *Mephorb*us! *Mephorb*us! Thrice have I invoked thee my familiar; be thou
now

now assistant to my desires, supply whate'er a hungry appetite requires. O, all the powers of the Zodiack, *Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces.* Assist the seven planets too, *Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury,* and *Luna,* shed your auspicious influence, and to my charm give efficacious strength. O *Arlom, Gascodin, Adolphon, eus, emstichon, Olam, amemues.* He here made a full stop, and stood as listening to an invisible speaker; then told them they might fall to, and eat heartily of the meat that was provided for them, and stood upon the table ready furnished, in such a closet. Which a servant going to see, found to be so; and he assuring them, that though it was provided by a supernatural means, yet it was wholesome and substantial food, such as nature and the bounty of Heaven did afford; and to set them an example, himself falling too very heartily, thereby persuading the rest, even the lady who talked so much against eating of the Devil's food, to come in for a share. When they had pretty well satisfied the cravings of their stomachs, the master of the house would needs be informed by what means all this provision was brought into the closet, since he heard no noise. Sir, says the conjurer, it was done by a familiar that I have command of; and you shall see him if you please. By all means says the other, that I may thank him, for I would according to the proverb,

proverb,

proverb, *Give the Devil his due.* Upon this the stranger sets himself to begin his invocations again, thus; *Mephobus*, that lurkest here, put on human shape, appear visible to our eyes, and come forth in the likeness of a fine, well-dressed gentleman, such as may please this lady. Upon which the gallant thought it was now expected that he should come forth, which he therefore did; and the door being opened for him, he past through the room, making a low bow, and so went into the street.

Thus this pretended conjurer came off with applause on all sides. For the master of the house thought himself no less obliged to him for procuring him a good supper, at the time he wanted it, than the lady did for getting rid of her gallant.

It is pity I should leave the topick I am upon, before I have given my reader an account of another sort of cheats called Jilts who well deserve a place among those I have mentioned. And why should I fear to incur thereby the displeasure of the sex, any more than I do the hatred of the men, by discovering the frauds used by the most vile among them? However, I will not lash too hard, but only give you a relation of a gentleman who was jilted by one of them in a love-voyage to *Hampton-Court*.

He being one day in her company, there happened to be mention made of *Hampton-Court*, she pretending to be very desirous to see that famous palace, to which she had hither-

to

to been a stranger, he could do no less than make an offer of his service to wait on her, which she accepted, and thereupon appointed a day : On the morning of which, he waited on her at her lodgings, and happened to surprise her in her dishabille, though for fear he should pop upon her unawares, she had taken special care to remove all nuisances, having picked the gum out of the corner of her eyelids, licked up a few Caraway-seeds to sweeten her breath, though pretending for the wind ; rubbed behind her ears with a little Orange-flower water ; and taken away the frowns of her foretop, and the sowerness of her armpits with a puff or two of Jessamin powder ; so that he found the delicious creature when he gave her a salute, in as sweet a condition as a trunk full of linen laid up in lavender ; that had he kissed the breech of a *Muscovite* cat, his senses could not have been refreshed with a sweeter fragrancy. After he had done as much penance in waiting till she was drest, as a city Don does to speak with a Nobleman, she with much ado had brought her head-dress, hoods and undershams in subjection to her nice fancy ; and though he contemplated her countenance, and looked on her all the while with as much earnestness as a conjurer would upon an evil spirit : yet after an hour and a half's unnecessary quiddling her ornaments, he could perceive no more alteration for the better, than is to be found in a negro's complexion after

after scouring his sooty face with a pound of soap, or a quart of *Hungary* water.

When she had thus finished her morning's work, being laced up in her stays as tight as a *Leicestershire* Woolpack, he handed her down stairs into a coach, and there made love in a tub till she came to the water-side, where a ravenous assembly of amphibious scoundrels, some with their mouths full of bread and cheese and onions, were ready to pluck them out of the windows of their leathern sanctuary, before the driver could have recourse to the door, to deliver them fairly into the vile hands of the wrangling fraternity. At length he pitched upon a couple of red-cap'd tritons, who handed them into the wherry, and became of a sudden as complaisant and civil as if they had been bred at an academy: for it is certain that the watermen quarrel about who shall carry the fare, as lawyers do at *Westminster* about who shall carry the cause. When he had seated his mistress on his right hand, the brawny slaves sat down to their stretchers, and puffing and blowing like a phthisicky man in a sweat, they rowed them onward of their way, their ears being every now and then saluted with a broadside of scurrilous words and funny phrases, that put the lady's modesty to the blush, and her spark to such a confounded puzzle to defend himself and her, that he was forced to exert his parts to the utmost, and pelt their adversaries with the *Billingsgate* dialect of rogue, taylor, whore,

whore, sempstress, cuckold, mechanick, jilt, exchange-woman, and all the ill-language he could muster up, lest his mistress should think him a blockhead. The time he proposed to spend in exhibiting his love to his fair companion, and preparing her heart for his design, with such mollifying endearments and prevailing dalliance, as were necessary to warm the inclinations of a female lover; he was forced to employ himself in studying what to say to the next boat he met with; for the first word, like the first blow, was half the battle. In this manner they smoothly slid along the slippery surface of the Thames, listening, at spare times, to the whispering flags and osiers that adorned the pleasant banks, and gently bowed their limber heads in becoming gratitude to the delightful breeze that fanned their verdant blades into so musical a motion.

At length they arrived at *Mortlake*, and took a little refreshment at the old well-known tenement the *Garter*; and to enliven their legs, which were almost benumbed for want of action, they walked to *Richmond*, where they ordered the boat to meet them, by which means they avoided a tedious tiring circumference by water. They walked across the fields linked arm in arm as loving as any man and wife, and entertained one another's ears with unstudied prattle, such amorous fustian as love popped into their mouths came simply out again without any amendment; so that had a couple of *Bow-street* criticks been walking

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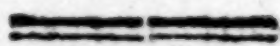
walking behind them, they might have had more diversion, than by hearing a dialogue in the pit between a beau and a mask, or the most elegant piece of courtship in the *New Academy of Compliments*. When they came to the forementioned town of *Richmond*, they resumed their places in the boat, and after an hour's hard tugging against the stream, they arrived at the famous port to which they had designed. Here the gentleman having discharged his laborious drudges, and finding not above eighteen pence in silver left in his pocket, he put his hand into his fob, to examine what gold he had lodged within the wasteband of treasure; but, to his extreme mortification, he found it as empty as a skull in a surgeon's window, and presently he recollected, that he had the last night taken out seven guineas, and laid them in his study-window; but thinking he still had them about him, he came out and forgot them. This dishonourable misfortune made his heart broil with vexation, like a mutton-chop upon a gridiron. He knew not what to do, nor how to come off handsomely; but at last concluded the best way was to make her acquainted with his disappointing circumstances; and after as many hums and has as a bashful evidence makes before he speaks to a court of judicature, he at last opened his sorrowful case; but as awkwardly as a midwife talks politicks, or a seaman law. He found by her countenance, that she was as much surprized,

prized, as he was daunted; and after a little pause, I hope, Sir, (says she) since you have brought me thus far out of *London*, you will contrive some way to convey me safe home; for indeed I did not take care (as I find I ought to have done) to bring money out with me, believing I could have no occasion for expence in the company of a gentleman, who has given me in words such assurances of his friendship. To which he made a suitable answer; begging she would remove all severe censures and reflections, though justly due to such inexcusable forgetfulness; and that she would be pleased to tarry but a little time in a tavern, till he went to a friend at a small distance from *Hampton* town, from whom he was assured of a supply: She seeming pretty well satisfied with what he proposed, they accordingly went to an adjacent house, where he left her over a pint of *Canary* and a roll. He had now to go as far as *Waltham upon Thames*, which is at least two long miles, where a friend of his from *London* had resided about six weeks for his health; but adding Mercurial wings to his feet, he out-ambled a chairman, and now and then put himself into a dog-trot, which made him sweat worse than a Penny-post-man at Midsummer, and all to no purpose; for his friend was gone to *London* the day before. This disappointment upon the neck of the other was an insupportable grievance, and made him scratch his ears like a bilked hackney-coachman. But in returning, he

he considered the matter, and found he had no other way than to be a good husband, and leave his sword, which was silver-hilted, for the reckoning. So fixed upon this resolution, he came back more like a running-footman than a gentleman ; and coming into the tavern he received the startling news, that the lady was gone to *London* with my Lord —. These strange things amazed him more than the sight of a blazing star. Pray sir, said he, unriddle this strange mystery to me ; how, which way, after what manner came this business about ? Why, Sir, answered the other, I shewed you and the lady into the best room in my house, which my lord always drinks in when he comes hither : I told his Lordship, who had another person with him, that it was taken up : He asked by whom ? I told him ; by a single lady ; upon which they smiled and both went into the room to her ; and after they had drank but one flask of wine, they left a crown for that and the lady's pint of *Canary*, and handed her into the coach, to which she shewed no kind of unwillingness, but rather seemed by her looks to be very well satisfied : And this, Sir, says he, is all that I know of the matter ; only that they ordered the coach for *London*. This intolerable usage made the gentleman, rave, fret, and vex like a horn-mad cuckold ; to be thus jilted, fatigued, disappointed and teased, he thought was enough to overpower the philosophy of a *Zeno* or *Epictetus*.

P A R T III.

*The Deceits used in particular Professions;
with several ingenious Characters.*



THE last thing I proposed was (as you may remember) to discover the frauds used in several employments. And here I shall not wholly tye myself to either the serious or diverting way of writing; but believing a mixture of both to be most beneficial, and to come nearest to answering my end, I shall (as it were) interline them in an agreeable miscellany.

I proceed first to discover some frauds of a quack doctor.

Of a Quack Doctor.

Having made great observation on our late quacks, how from penury and want, they sometimes arrive to great riches and plenty; I shall here discover, partly by what base means they attain their ends. First, through ignorance and impudence they give themselves the title of doctors, and then furnish themselves with some few fragments of Latin, that they may be as bold as lions, to talk to the
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the ignorant; and cloath themselves with a black coat, and plush jacket, if their credit be so good in *Long-lane*, as to purchase them; not a pin the worse for wearing, tho' they be as threadbare as a sailor's cloak; then they get a caduceus or concurring Japan in their hand, capped with a civet-box, with which they walk with as much gravity as a Spaniard: Then they seek out for convenient lodgings, where there must be a good hatch at the door, with a couple of blue posts, and an inscription *No Cure, No Money*; then their chambers are set round with Dutch pictures or looking-glasses, belittered with urinals or empty gallypots and phials, filled with tapdroppings or fair water coloured with saunders; then they each get a skull from a sexton to put in their window, over which they hang up the skeleton of a monkey, to make the world believe they have great skill in anatomy; their table is never without some Greek or Arabic authors, which they understand as much a child of four years old does Hebrew, and the fourth book of *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy* lies wide open, to proclaim their profound learning; and seven or eight gilt shillings, as so rewards from their patients that morning. Further, they oblige all the neighbouring alehouses to recommend them to any inquirers after an honest and able physician, which character, these alehouse-keepers generally give them, provided they come very often to consume what they get upon the devil's back
over

over his shoulders; and they oblige all the midwives and nurses, that they can possibly get acquainted with, to applaud their great skill, by long experience and great travels, at at their gossipings. Now as to the other qualifications they are generally endowed with, that is, loquacity or talkativeness, and impudence; they take it for a mighty setting off their parts, by hard names, and cramp words, as in pronouncing oppilation and obstruction of the spleen, and fchirrus of the liver, with a full mouth; and giving strange and obscure names to common things, to deceive the ignorant, as jugglers do of *Hiccius Doctius and Presto*, to amuse people's brains, while they pick their pockets; so they call the fit of an ague, a paroxysm, fits of the epilepsis, or drunkenness, hysterical passions; then they will tell you of sympathetical and antipathetical cures; and rattle of the mechanism of nature, tho' they know no more of it than a plowman does of logick or geometry. They will also tell you of the appeasing Irritated Archeical Microcosmical Monarch; increasing the Radical Moisture, and relieving all the Powers, Vital, Natural, and Animal; thus the mystery of their art and science wholly consists in a long harangue of fustian words and phrases, the true sense of which they are more puzzled to lay open, than to anatomize the body of a fat capon; but by these means, their silly patients cry them up for fine fellows, especially when among all the
rest

rest of their fluent cant, they degrade the College Graduate Doctors, and learned Physicians, and against whom they bring in that great and mighty word, Long Experience.

But some of them, that are not stuffed with so much noise and nonsense, not having their tongue so well hung as others, will make a virtue of necessity, look grave and big, decline all discourse, especially among the ingenious; tells his patient his disease is not to be frightened away with words, but by the wonderful operations of the physic he can and does prescribe; for he does not talk of diseases, but cure them: By this means they conceal their ignorance from the judicious, and increase their esteem with the vulgar.

Nothing can be more advantageous to them, than when by their impudence they can make persons believe, that there was not more slain and wounded at *Hockflat* and *Blenheim*, than they have recovered from the point of death; or as they call it, from death's door, and beckon souls back again, that have been some leagues from their bodies; and they boast often of the mighty wonders and miraculous cures they have done at *Leyden*, *Hamburgh*, *Germany*, *Lazzaretto* at *Venice*, and the *Maison de Dieu* at *Paris*, nay all the world over.

Further, since the whole art of physic consists in Diagnostics, Prognostics, and Therapeutics; some are waterloggers, others astrologers, or as you may call them conjurers,

jurers, or star-wizards; both the ways are not much different, and of a like certainty; for they both must by previous pumping, by apt and wary questions, and their answers turned into other words, they do many times extremely please and gratify their patient; those that practice by the urinal, tho' it is as possible to discover the colour of the sick man's cloaths, as the disease he is troubled with, or the cause of it; yet by their discreet and prudent handling of it, a thousand pound to a cherry-stone, but they shake it into the consumption, scurvy, dropfy, or into the most fashionable disease; but if they work by the scheme, then nothing so probable but they will say you are bewitched, or under an ill tongue, or planet struck; and the lord of the seventh house tells them, that he is the only doctor in the world that can help you; but they take special care, that they don't pronounce a common-council-man with child, or a constable sick of the hypocondria; and in other cases, if their judgments do not chance to hit the nail on the head, then they have recourse to their old refuge, lying; and tell their patients, their stomach is fallen out of its place, but they can make it return again; that they have straws in their lungs, of a vast bigness, and that their liver is wasted to nothing with venery and drinking; Then as for Therapeutics, if their medicines be Galenics, tho' never so common, they disguise them with strange names, call *Sena*, a specific;

fic; *Mithridate*, an elixir; *Extractum Rudii*, an arcanum; and add *a Nostrum*, to Album Grecum; but those that partake themselves to chymical devices, or preparations, will tell you of the wonderful operations of the tincture of the Sun's beard, the powder of the Moon's horns, or a quintessence extracted from the souls of the heathen gods; by these and many more ways and means, too tedious here to relate, do they bubble the simple out of their money, and not only that, but out of their lives also.

I shall next give you the character in short,

Of a Taylor.

He is a creature made up of shreds; his chiefest care being to cloath other people's backs, and feed his own belly, to make them fine and himself fat at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide. His only weapons, offensive and defensive, are a needle and a thimble; with the first he murders many *Egyptian* cattle, and the last is a gauntlet for the top of his middle-finger. His chief upholder is the sin of pride, a new fashion being to him like the term to a lawyer, to gain which he frequents those churches and other places, where gallants mostly resort. He had rather have his friend out of the world than out of the fashion. Of all weapons he thinks the *long bill* best; and whoever pays him but one half

half makes him gainer enough. He keeps an *bell* under his shop-board, into which he casts many a piece of *condemned cabbage*, the largest whereof go to making of cloaths for children, others for saddle-seats, women's shoes, caps, purses, &c. He has an art of rubbing and stretching silver lace, so that he will rob his employer of a fourth part of what they deliver to him. If you make him your friend to go to the mercer, woollen-draper, &c. he will be sure to go snips with him in the profit, which your pocket must pay.

I proceed next to

A Baker.

Who, as the former robs their backs, cheats other people's bellies to fill his own. He is somewhat more inexcusable than the tailor; for he commonly pinches his cabbage from the rich; but *this*, by making his bread too light, robs all without distinction, but chiefly the poor; for which, if he had his due, he would have the same fate with *Pharoah's* baker, viz. to be suspended, or at least to wear a wooden ruff. He is commonly in fee with the clerk of the market, and pretends great love to him, (tho' he hates him, as his executioner) by which means he has always timely notice of the procession of the lord-mayor or quest, against which time, he will have no bread but what is full weight in his window; tho' sometimes he is caught,
but

but repines at his forced charity, and hates justice itself because her scales are even.

The next is

Of a Pawnbroker.

An unconscionable pawnbroker, is *Pluto's* factor, *Old Nick's* warehouse-keeper, an *English Jew*, that lives and grows fat on fraud and oppression, as a toad on filth and venom. His practice outvies usury as far as highway-robbery does a petit-larceny; and if you call him a tradesman, it must be by the same rhetorical figure, which stiles the legerdemain of a pickpocket an art or mystery. His shop, like hell-gates, is always open, in which he sits at the receipt of custom: And having got the spoils of the needy, he hangs them up in rank and file like so many trophies of victory. Hither all sorts of garments resort on pilgrimage, whilst he playing the pimp, lodges the tabby peticoat, and the ruffet breeches together in the same bed of lavender. He is the treasurer of the thief's exchequer, and the common tender of all booth-heavers and shop-lifters in the town: To which purpose he keeps a private warehouse, whence he ships away ill-gotten goods by wholesale.

Mistress *Betty*, when she has a mind to see her sweetheart, and *Gammer Goodenough* going to a christening, muster up the pence on *Saturday-night*, to redeem their best rigging out of captivity: But on *Monday-morning*

as

as surely bring them back (as thieves that had only made an escape) to the old *Limbus*.

Thus they are forced to purchase the same cloaths seven times over; and for want of a chest to keep them in at home, it costs thrice as much as they are worth for a lodging in his custody. When they first come in (like other prisoners) they pay garnish, which is the entering penny; after this, *6d. per month* for every *20s.* which after their rate (of 13 months to the year) is *6s. 6d. per pound per Annum*, or *33l. 6s. 8d. per Cent.* besides a shilling for a bill of sale, if the matter be considerable. Upon the whole, since they seldom or never lend above half the value on any thing, plate excepted, they get, as is already made out, near 40% in every 100, certain: And considering how many thieves and pickpockets, (their chiefest customers, that bring lumping bargains) never intending to redeem, and how many poor are not able, and that if they are redeemed the next day, the unconscionable wretch will be paid a month's interest, we may reasonably conclude that these horse-leeches make at least *Cent. per Cent.* of their money in the space of one year. And all this by a course tending only to the encouragement of thieves, and the ruin of those that are honest but indigent.

Of a Serjeant or Bailiff.

HE is a kind of excrescence of the law, like a man's nails, made only to scratch and claw: A sort of birdlime; where he lays hold, he hangs; a raven, that picks not out men's eyes as others do, but his chief spite is at their shoulders; and you had better have the night-mare ride you than this *Incubus*. He is one of *Deucalion's* by-blows, begotten of a stone, and has taken an oath never to pity widow nor orphan. His first business is, to extort money for what he calls *his civility*, that meer non-entity; next to call for drink, as fast as men for buckets of water in a conflagration: After which, putting on an air of gravity, he advises you to arrest your adversary, and thereby become plaintiff; nay, he offers to do it himself; with or without cause, 'tis all one to him if he finds you have money.

His Follower.

Is the hanger-on that he wears by his side: A tumbler to drive in the coneys: He is the hook under water to hang the fish, and his officer the quill above, which pops down as soon as ever the bait is swallowed. Though they differ in degree, there is not much difference in their complexions; only the latter is more hungry and sharp, because he does but snap, and has not a full share of the booty. A main part of his office is to swear and bluster at the trembling prisoner, and cry

cry out *What do you wait for?* whilst the other replies, Jack, be patient, he's a civil gentleman, and I know he'll consider us. The eyes of these wolves are as quick in their heads as a pickpocket's in a throng, and they as nimble at their business, as a hangman at an execution. They will court a broken pate to heal it with a plaister of green wax, and suck more silver out of a wound, than a surgeon puts in. Yet, as those eels are generally bred out of the mud of a bankrupt, so they commonly die with their guts ripped up, or are decently run thro' the lungs; or else make their exit at the Sign of the 3 Trees near *Hyde-Park-Corner*; and as they lived hated, die unpitied. In short such a man's beginning is detestable, his courses desperate, and his end damnable, if he be one of those (as too many of them are) that abuse the intentions of the law, and commit all manner of oppressions, under colour of common justice.

Having spoken of a bailiff and his follower, I am by consequence next led to speak of

A Prison.

WHICH is the grave of the living, where they are shut up from the world and their friends: and the worms that gnaw upon them are their own thoughts, the gaoler, and their creditors. It is a house of meagre looks, and ill smells; for lice, drink, and

tobacco make up the compound. *Pluto's* court was expressed from this fancy, and the persons do in some measure resemble one another; for you may ask, as *Menippus* in *Lucian*, which is *Nereus*, which *Thirsis*, which the *Beggar*, which the *Knight*; for they are hardly to be distinguished; only to be out at elbows is in fashion here, and 'tis reckoned a great indecorum not to be threadbare. Every man here shews like a wreck upon the sea; here the ribs of a thousand pounds; there the relics of so many manors; and all together make a spectacle of more pity than an execution.

Let this serve for the description of a prison in general; and I'll next give you a description of the *Marshalsea*; as written by a midshipman, a prisoner there, to a Punch-club, whereof he was a member.

Limbo, June 20, 1711.
3d. Glass of the first Watch.

From locks, and bolts, much noise and little ease,
From cobweb-rooms, foul sheets, and swarms of
(fleas,

An absent friend deprived of liberty,
Congratulates your whole society:
Where chearful healths in flowing bowls go round,
And drowsy cares in princely punch are drown'd;
Where *Bacchus* and *Appollo* jointly reign;
This warms the heart, and that inspires the brain:
Swift and serene your happy moments glide,
And circling joys flow in a constant tide:

No

No cursed restraint your midnight-mirth to curb,
No damned lawsuits your pleasures to disturb;
No bull-dogs haunt you, freedom to betray;
No sheriff's writs; no gaoler's fees to pay.

But my unlucky stars, on mischief bent,
Have made the worst of plagues my punishment:
They thought, perhaps, I was no longer fit
To take my glass, and talk to men of wit,
To scribble doggrel, compliment the fair,
And give myself a strange poetic air:
Or else they judged my pockets bare of pelf,
And sent me here, lest I should hang myself.
Why, faith, 'tis true, my hopes are very small;
An empty purse, few friends, or none at all:
This Fortune knew, and therefore in the nick
She served me this confounded jilting trick.
Judge you how this with my free humour suits,
This *Noah's* ark, filled with all sorts of brutes.
Knights without honour, squires without estates,
Quacks, captains, cullies, parsons, beaux and cheats,
Cits, fidlers, tailors, porters, grooms and carmen,
Whigs, tories, rangers, and such kind of vermin:
Nay, more than this, we have our females too, }
As tho' our other plagues were yet too few, }
Of all degrees and ranks, a nauseous crew.
For punks and jilts, fat bawds and painted whores;
You'd swear that hell had drain'd its common sewers,
And that grim *Pluto*, weary of their riot,
Had here confined those enemies to quiet;
Their ever-moving clacks no charm can bind,
Artists might here perpetual motion find:
No truce is known with their eternal brawls,
Battle's confusion dwells within our walls.

*Thus wishing you and all my friends their health,
I've sent a view of Limbo's commonwealth.*

The Character of an Ale-Draper.

IN times of sobriety, when ale-houses were as scarce as churches, not above one in a parish; when any tradesman was undone by the levity of his wife, the disobedience of his children, fire in the house, loss at sea, or any other casualty, to which the two-legged unfeathered inhabitants of this globe of uncertainty are liable; upon his humble application to the magistrate of the place where he lived, they would procure him a license to sell ale, that he might be in a capacity to keep himself and his family from being burdensome to the parish, and being fallen into peevish temper by reflecting on his misfortunes, he was usually distinguished in his new employment by some nickname or title, such as Alderman *Snarl*, Captain *Rusty*, Sir *John Tunbelly*, Colonel *Gruff*, Dr. *Grunt*, &c. being looked on as an old cracked fiddle, fit for every merry prattle-box to play upon: Neither could the good woman, (whose business it was to draw the tippie, keeping her shoulders warm with a piece of an old blanket instead of a mantle) avoid being denominated by some jolly toper or other, *Mother Huff*, *Mother Damnable*, *Witch of Endor*, *Dame Tattie*, *Goody Blowze*, or the like. But now the world (like a man advanced from poverty to prosperity) is so strangely altered, that as soon as a tradesman has got a little money by the trade he was bred up to, observing the fluency

fluency of fools'-pence, the lordliness of the Victuallers, the laziness of their lives, the wantonness of their wives, the welfare of their families, and the plenitude of their purses, is resolved to thrive upon his own small flock at the same rate, and pursue the hope and prospect of growing rich with the same expedition: Accordingly he takes a house well situated for this purpose, where in a few years time, behaving himself at first very humble, he breaks half his acquaintance of his former trade, in coming to see him; advancing himself in a little time to some petty office in the parish, which makes him begin to swell and look as big as a citizen after Knighthood; being from thence shortly dignified and distinguished, by the title of Mr. Church-warden; by the very conceit of which he is puffed up, and during the possession of the poor's box, he reckons himself another Grand Signior, or like *Goliab* looking over the heads of so many little *Davids*. His wife must now be called *Madam*, his sons *Young Masters*, and his daughters *Misses*; and he that salutes the old Lick-Spiggot by any other name than that of Mr. *Church-warden*, runs the hazard of paying double taxes, besides the forfeiture of his good-looks, friendship, and conversation, as long as he lives, unless Providence be more kind, and by some unlooked for accident bring him back to his primitive humility; which is hard to be wrought any other way than by poverty.

Now

Now he begins to leave off his colours, and get the print of the apron-strings out of his coat; and expects great reverence from all his little neighbours, and will loll against the door case like an Elephant against a tree, and twing his bunch of small keys half a dozen times round his finger, before he will answer a poor neighbour a civil question. If he that has spent fifty pounds with him asks to borrow but a crown, he presently tells him, *About two days ago, my wife made me swear, I would never lend a farthing to friend or foe as long as I lived; or else I would do it with all my heart.*

There are three sorts of Ale-Drapers, who differ widely from one another, according to the several parts of the town they are situated in.

In and about *Wapping*, they lord it over the people, like a boatswain over a ship's crew; and look as bluff upon their tarpawlin guests, as a mate newly raised to a commander.

In the City he is hail fellow well met, with any of his customers on this side a common-council man; but to all above, he cannot help paying a deference, and is forced to bow as low to a deputy of a ward, as a country inn-keeper to the High-Sheriff of a county.

But at *Charing-Cross*, you may find them so very humble and obliging for the taking of two-pence, that a gentleman foot-soldier, or a Lord's Valet, shall have as many scrapes and cringes from the master, as if he were a *French dancing-*

dancing-master. Whether it be poverty, living among courtiers, or being bred gentlemen's servants, and so kicked and cuffed into good-manners by their masters, I leave the reader to determine; and shall take my leave of these malt-pensioners, when I have added one observation more, and given my reader some advice that naturally follows the premises.

There are very few of them, but if you use their house constantly, will think you an entailed customer, and shall respect you less, and use you worse, than they do the most penurious niggard, that spends a penny once a week, and begs a bit of toast into the bargain. Therefore the best method that can be used to avoid the insolence and ingratitude of these mongrel christians, is to act pursuant to the advice of an experienced toper, *Never to use any one house long*; but observe this maxim, *When you find the 'dog begin to wag his tail upon you, it is time to seek a new tippling-office*. For it ten to one but if you have been a customer long enough for the spaniel to know you, that you will find the master grow slighting, and the servants impudent.

But for the confirming what I have said concerning them, take the following piece of poetry, containing the character of the generality of them; which was written by one who being a very good benefactor, had a more than ordinary opportunity to observe and discover their real tempers.

THE monster that progressively is bred,
 To raise his fortune by the tippling trade,
 (As oft they do) must be of spurious race,
 Begot by chance, not in the bonds of grace:
 Born of some lustful wench, who could not stay }
 Till fortune flung some husband in her way; }
 First dropp'd, and then preserv'd by parish-pay.
 Or else brought up on pack-horse from the North,
 Born there of parents who were nothing worth;
 Sent up to town, as thousands were before,
 To nick, and froth, and learn the Double Score.
 The northern sharpness in his rural face,
 Soon recommends the stripling to a place;
 Where, by some thriving countryman, he's taught
 To cheat the guests in every quart a draught.

Thus when for seven long years he has obey'd,
 And learned each knavish myllery of his trade;
 Some drudge he meets, with scarcely twenty pound,
 Who longs to be in matrimony bound,
 To her he's married and improves his pence,
 With his own hoarded fools' benevolence;
 Who great as kings (when drunk) do often grant
 Those boons to tapsters, which themselves most want:
 Then takes a house, hangs up a YORKSHIRE sign,
 New paints the door case, makes the lattice fine.
 Thus enter'd, such sharp measures does he take,
 By which he thrives, whilst twenty tradesmen break,
 At first industrious as an INDIAN slave;
 Close as a miser, cunning as a knave;
 Humble and fawning, as a pedlar's cur,
 And to each cobbler, answers, COMING, SIR!
 His bread and cheese he frankly does impart;
 And every thing is done "with all his heart!"
 Porters are welcome near the fire to sit,
 And may command; the varlet can submit:
 Without offence red-herrings they may broil,
 And rattle o'er the pot a wond'rous while.
 Himself will on a neighbouring errand run,
 Whate'er you speak for in a thrice is done.
 If guests desire to keep them up too late,
 Both without grumbling will their leisure wait, }
 No frowning from the tike, no grumbling from his }
 mate.

Thus

Thus are they careful to oblige at first;
But as they thrive, like curs they grow more curst;
Full cellars and full pockets change the scene,
And make the lout a prince, his drab a queen.
The cobbler then must at a distance keep,
And porters with their hats in hand must creep.
No trape must hover o'er the kitchen fire,
They no such paltry company desire.

Sit up, you fellow, move your seat you clown,
And let my master such a one sit down;
Pray troop, I keep a public house, 'tis true,
But do not light my fires for such as you.

In comes a neighbouring servant for some ale,
Pray dash it with a little drop of stale;
I've brought no money, you must set it down,
The maid thus speaks unto the surly clown.
Pray tell your master, I shall draw no more,
Until he comes, or sends to clear the score;
I'd rather in my cellar keep my beer,
Than send it out on trust, the Lord knows where.

Perhaps some neighbouring tradesmen next appear.
Where shall we be to drink a pot of beer?
Can't we go up? No, marry, says the quean,
None has been up stairs since the room was clean:
Here boy, the Bell, or else the kitchen shew,
Good gentlemen I'm sure have sat below.

Nay, if we can't go up, we will not stay,
I'll warrant we'll find houses where we may.
We do not want your custom, you mistake,
Pray troop, one swallow won't a summer make.

Thus is the baseness of their nature shewn,
No sooner prosp'rous but imperious grown;
By wealth made saucy, by misfortune cow'd,
When poor too humble, and when rich too proud.

Here is in short the character of all,
 Those reverend men we Common DRAPERS call.
 My friend therefore, have a peculiar care
 Thou never be entangled in their snare,
 They'll get thy money, and what yet is more,
 When thou hast none, they'll kick thee out th' door.

A Vintner.

Is master of a house some degrees, or if you please, some pair of stairs above an alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. His nose may supply the place of a sign, which is commonly red, to shew he is not ashamed of his calling. The rooms generally stink as ill as the morning-breath of those that were drunk in them over night: Not furnished with beds, but more necessary implements, *viz.* chairs, a table, and a chamberpot. A tavern is a broacher of more news than hogsheds, more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spungy brained poet, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but, indeed, make a noise, and this music above, is answered with clinking of pots below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up, and however we esteem them, none can boast more justly of their *high-calling*. 'Tis the best theatre in the world, where nature is truly acted: They pass all their degrees in a minute, from the bottom of the cellar, to the top of the garret, and can ascend and descend when they please.

No

No place in the world has such various cause for resort ; men come hither to quarrel, and likewise to be made friends: And if *Ovid* will stand by his own assertion, it is even *Telephus's* sword, that both makes wounds and cures them. It is the destroyer of the afternoon. and the murderer of a rainy day. It is the *Torrid Zone* that scorches the face, while up, and the *Frigid*, that freezes all the faculties, when a-bed. Tobacco is the gunpowder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable vintner had not water ready to quench these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out ; and like the Northern Countries, 'tis as light at midnight, as at noon day. After a long sitting, it looks like the street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, while the jordons, like swelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give you a summary account of it ; It is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the boaster's market, the stranger's welcome, the student's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the tradesman's courtesy ; it is the study of wits, and a cup of Canary their book ; where we will leave them.

A Handsome Bar-keeper.

INVITES more than the bush. She's the loadstone that attracts men of steel, both those that wear it to some purpose, and those that wear it to none. They buz about the bar like bees about the hive; and provided they have her sweet kisses, they never find fault with the wine; thus they poison two senses at once, the sight and the taste. If you have her company, the reckoning is soundly enhanced, yet never disputed. No city dame is demurer than she at first greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper; but in a little time you may be more familiar, and she will bear a *Double Entendre* without blushing—You must treat her with what she likes, but which is sure to be the dearest in the cellar; her pint-and-half bottles pass current, for there's no fault to be found in her company. She may be an honest woman, but the whole world believes to the contrary. Her husband is blinded by the profit, always half drunk to keep up his spirits; for should he grow sober, and open his eyes, he would run horn-mad.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison
A Courtier

Is one that holds all his acquaintance at the same rate they begin; a compliment makes up his first speech, and his last, and if
 you

you enter upon him further you lose him. Methinks *Virgil* paints him right in those obliging and well-mannered ghosts *Æneas* met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but when grasped were shadows. He is one that lies kindly to you for good breeding sake, but 'tis ungenteel in you to believe him. His words are but so many fair promises, put together in a fine phrase, which serves equally for all men, and to no purpose; each fresh encounter makes him repeat what he said to the last, for they are ever revered alike. He gives to all the low salute, the close hug, and the modish kiss, and is every man's humble servant to command. His proffers are universal and general; but if you urge him to particulars, you lose him, tho' he is sometimes retrieved by the golden elixir. Promises he calls polite and mannerly, and when you expect the performance cries, *It is an unbred taste that cannot distinguish between what is spoken, and what is meant.* None gives better satisfaction at first sight, or comes off with greater eclat of an obliging gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him to be nothing; and commonly those rail most at him, that have most commended him. The best of it is, he cozens you with fair words, and abuses you with abundance of respect.

no body
to the
myself

The Master of a Ship.

A Brawny lump, who knows not good from ill,
 Fatted on board like hogs with pease and swill;
 Affects his hoarseness, as a vocal grace,
 Careless his carriage, and austere his face.
 Lusty his limbs, and a thick rusty skin,
 A bear without, and a worse beast within.
 If married, sure a cyckold, and if not,
 A generous cully to some WAPPING slut:
 At SEA an EMPEROR, at LAND a SLAVE.
 Dull in accounts, and to his owners, knave;
 When tied on shore to a large silver sword,
 He struts about in WAPPING like a lord,
 With jilt and music he is pleased and glad,
 When sober, silly; and in liquor, mad.
 A bulky carcase, with a slender soul,
 As great as JULIUS CÆSAR o'er a bowl:
 In company pragmatical and loud
 Humble to's owners, to his seamen proud:
 In storms or calms, he seldom prays but swears,
 Drowning and starving are his only fears,
 And he ne'er thinks of heaven above the stars.
 MERCATOR and the compass are his guides,
 By them alone he thinks he safely rides:
 A prosperous gale he looks for as his due,
 He thanks not God, religion he ne'er knew,
 And acts no more the Christian, than a Jew.
 At land he seems an idiot, yet at sea,
 None must pretend to be so wise as he:
 If you reason speak, your argument's denied,
 He swears you nothing know of time or tide:
 His word's a law, he's there a sovereign lord,
 And ARISTOTLE's but an ass on board.
 The BURGOU NOVICE, bred 'twixt stem and stern,
 That knows to splice a line, and spin rope-yarn,
 Shall by King TAR-ASS more respected be,
 Than an ERASMUS, or any learned he.
 His head's an almanack, which men may find
 Filled up with tides, the weather and the wind,
 Sun's declination, changes of the moon,
 And how to know in INDIA when 'tis noon.

A ship

A ship he takes to be his only school,
And thinks a land-man truly but a fool.
When warm'd with PUNCH, and his outlandish weed,
He praises burgou, beef and biscuit-bread.
Condemns land dainties, and the bed of down,
And thinks a ship more pleasant than a town.
As prisoners long confined, strive to prevail
With freemen, to believe their sinking gaol
Affords more satisfaction to the mind,
Than all the pleasures they abroad can find.
All that the SEA-CALF has on shore to boast,
Is how he saved his ship from being lost;
Which the unthinking brute in his own sense,
Attributes to his art, not providence,
But all that of his honour can be said,
Of the torpaulin rabble he's the head.
A monarch of a wooden world he is,
But such as he all men of sense do hiss.
Let him o'er famish'd slaves rule and command,
Dreading each storm that blows, each rock and sand:
Rather than such a king, I'll subject be at land. }

A Bad Husband.

Is a wise man's scorn, the sharpening gamester,
banker, and the cunning smooth-tongue land-
ladies honest man; he is the consumer of an
estate, the shipwreck of a family, thereby he
scandalizes his ancestors, ruins himself, and
leaves all his posterity both hopeless and help-
less; throws away his wealth, as if it was
not worth keeping, and makes more haste to
be poor and miserable, than prudent men can
do to get riches; and takes more care to spend
money, than day-labourers to get it; and
takes up with such foolish proverbs, as not to
make two wants of one; and he had as good
be merry and spend all, as sad and save no-
thing.

thing. He knows no difference between prodigality and liberality, but is so silly and free, that he dries up the springs of bounty, by cutting down the banks, and letting the streams run at waste.

Of a Scold.

She is a Devil of the feminine gender, a serpent perpetually hissing and spitting of venom, a composition of ill-nature and clamour; you may call her animated gun-powder, a walking Mount *Etna*, that is always belching forth flames of sulphur; a bur about the moon is nothing near so certain a sign of a storm at sea, as her brow when knit is a storm at land; though laurel, hawthorn, and seal-skin are thought to be preservatives against thunder, magic has not been able to find out any way so powerful as to overcome or still her raging; for, like oil poured on fire, increases its flaming, so good words raise her passion, and that to such a degree, there is no allaying it; for when once her flag of defiance is hung out, she neither cares for, nor fears constable, cage, or ducking-stool; her tongue may be called The Clapper of the Devil's alarm-bell, that rings all into confusion; it runs faster than the water under *London* and *Rocheſter* bridge, and makes more noise and jangling, than all the bells in country-steeples, or about *St. Paul's*, at the proclaiming of the peace: If she be of the moderate and sober sort, as they call themselves

felves, ſhe will abuſe ſacred language in her railing, as conjurers do in their charms; calls all her honeſt neighbours, that give her the leaſt offence, by one nick-name or another, as High-Church Papiſt, a High-Flyer, a Frenchified rogue, and the like; her husband, reprobate, a ſon of Belial; and will not cudgel her maids without a text for it. But now I ſpeak of husband, methinks I ſee the creeping animal ſhivering and quaking with fear, when he comes in her preſence, as if he had a fit of an ague; for ſhe is worſe than Cow-itch in his bed, and good as a chaffing-diſh at board, and has quite forgot his name, or elſe does not like it, but rebaptizes him, with what the devil puts in her head, as White-livered Rascal, Drunken Sot, Lazy Rogue, &c. Thus ſhe worries him out of his ſenſes at home, and not only ſo but ferrets his haunts abroad; ſo that the poor man cannot be eaſy or quiet for her, but is to him an eternal plague. In ſhort, a turbulent Scold, is her neighbour's perpetual diſquiet, her family's evil genius, her husband's ruin, and her own daily tormentor.

The worſt of plagues attending human life;
Is a bold, imperious, curſed ſcolding wife.

THE
OBLIGING HUSBAND,
AND
IMPERIOUS WIFE;
Or, the West-Country Clothier undone by
A PEACOCK.

WITH
THE PLEASANT AND COMICAL HUMOURS OF
HONEST HUMPHRY.

DIALOGUE I.

*Between a rich West-Country Clothier near Exeter,
honest Humphry his Man, and a Gentlewoman
of a very good Fortune in that City, whom he courts,
in order to make her his Wife.*

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is nothing on this side heaven more accommodated to the use and happiness of man, than marriage; which is an epitomy of it: For if it be not good that man should be alone, then it must be good for him to have a companion; and what companion is more meet than a help-mate? And yet this prime and sacred institution of heaven has been so inverted by the factors of hell, that this primitive blessing has been turned into an original curse; and what God ordained for man's greatest happiness, has, by the artifice of the devil
and

and his factors, been made the source of all our miseries. To go about proving this, would be but to hold a candle to the sun; 'tis a self-evident truth, which each man's experience can witness: The first that was ever married, tho' no man ever had a wife more virtuous and innocent, too sadly found it so: And since, in paradise itself, a place of perfect innocence and happiness, it had this dire effect, can we imagine that a sinful world can make it better?—*Eve*, tho' she was made out of a crooked rib, yet she came straight out of the hands of her Creator; and was, no doubt, the fairest and most charming bride that ever the sun shined upon: And yet of her, one very well observes,—

*Out of a rib, strange kind of art!
A woman fair, compleat in every part;
Aye, and a helper too, for in conclusion,
She help'd poor Adam to his own confusion.*

Thus it was in the beginning, and thus it has continued ever since; nor does there appear any great hopes of having it better.

Now if any ask, how so happy an institution came to be so sadly and so suddenly inverted, and turned into so great an evil? I answer, It is, through the malice of the devil, who got into paradise itself, and there both tempted, and overcame, the woman, who believed the father of lies, before the God of truth; and then became the devil's factor to prevail upon her husband, and involved him in the same ruin with herself: And *Eve's* example has been so prevalent on most of her sex, that they have followed her steps ever since, and sought the ruin of their husbands. 'Tis true there is no serpent now appears to tempt them, but the same devil does it still in
far

far more pleasing shapes; and makes women his agents to destroy mankind: And since it is a maxim with physicians, That to find out the cause of a disease, is half the cure; to shew the several ways by which they work the ruin of mankind, that so (*præmonitas præmunitas*) being forewarned, men may be armed against them, is what is chiefly aimed at in this book: And tho' the subject of them does relate chiefly to a West of *England* Clothier; yet there are thousands of such like examples recent in the City of *Dublin*: The design of it being to prevent others from being brought into the like ruinous circumstances: For, *Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*. This being all I need to say, by way of introduction, I now proceed to the first dialogue.

D I A L O G U E

Between a West-Country Clothier, and honest
Humphry, his Man.

Clothier. Honest *Humphry*, I have something to communicate to thee; I have known thee long; thou wast my father's man before mine; and both he and I have always found thee honest, and I believe thou truly lovest me.

Humph. Zure meister, che han't lived with you, and your vather bevore ye, zo long, but I mun needs lose ye; che hope you don't calt that in question.

Cloth. No *Humphry*, you know I don't, and that makes me willing to communicate a secret to you.

Humph. Che know not what you mean by muni- cate it to me, but an you tell me any zecret, che will promize, not to be a blab of my tongue.

Cloth. I believe you won't, *Humphry*, and there- fore, in plain terms, I have a mind to marry.

Humph.

Humph. To marry, meister ! Marry heaven vor-
vend, che lose you better than to advise you to that.

Cloth. Why, what's the matter *Humphry* ? Have
I put you into a fright ! I hope marriage is no such
terrible thing.

Humph. Truly meister you've welly gally'd me
with ta'king on' : I thought you'd a had'n more
grace than t'a married : You want'n vor nought,
and what would you marry vor ?

Cloth. There are several reasons, *Humphry*, why
I should marry : I've got a good estate, and——

Humph. And now you'd throw't away upon a
wife, wou'd ye ?

Cloth. No, now I'd get an heir to leave it to.

Humph. Truly, meister, che think you're better
as you are ; vor now you may give it to whom you
will ; but then you must leave it to you don't know
who.

Cloth. If I have a child, I know who I leave it to.

Humph. But how will you know the child is
your own ?

Cloth. If I have a virtuous wife, there is no doubt
but it will be my own.

Humph. Ay, but meister, methinks that's a plaguy
If, for if she be not virtuous, whole will the child
be then ?

Cloth. Ay, but I take care of that before-hand,
Humphry.

Humph. Indeed, meister, you may take what care
you will, and yet be deceived vor all that ; vor che
knows that women be plaguy cunning, zure and zure
in these days, and oft set a vare vace upon a voul
thing. And so 'twill be hard to know whether a wo-
man be good or bad before she's try'd ; and then
'twill be too late.

Cloth.

Cloth. Prithee, *Humphry*, what makes thee have such an unaccountable antipathy against women, which to my apprehension, are the most charming creatures in the world? Thou wast never married yet thyself, to try them, how came they therefore to disgust thee thus?

Humph. No, meister, I thank my stars, che never had that plague yet: And therefore what che speaketh is from observation che have made of others: Meister, che'll tell ye, when che was but a laddy, che lived with my Meister *Hawkins*, (bevore che lived with my old meister, your worships vather) and there che zaw zuch things, that che'll never have a good opinion of women again, zure and zure che ne'er zaw the like since che was bore.

Cloth. Prithee what didst see there?

Humph. Why, meister, if you'll give me leave, che'll tell you:

Cloth. I pray do, *Humphry*.

Humph. Why then, meister, you mun know, that my meister *Hawkins* was zike another young man then, as you be now; he had good means to live on, and wanted vor nought; but as it should zeem, he was tired of living single, as mayhap you may be, m ister, and he'dn have a wife; not only to prevent idle expences, but get a good vortune beside. But vaith he did mend himsen woundily; for he vang'd more in wooing than wou'd'n a bought two team of horses and ploughs to boot; zure and zure, che was mazed to see't. But zure che thought when he was wedded, then 'twould be better; but che tell you, meister, that things were mended then, as zower ale mends in zummer: Then there was fuch hoyte toyte doings, the like waz never zeen: Che was at that time to wait upon'n; and zaw more good vittles wasted in one day than wou'd a zarv'd
our

our house a quarter of a year. And then a mun gad to thick place, and up to that place, and down to t'other place: Che thought 'twould never be day with them, for my part. And then tho' my meister's house was vurnished well enough for's vather and mother, yet all was too old vashioned vor her: She must ha' a bed with vine cornishes, che think they cale 'em, and bafes, and che know not what: And the cupboard that had been there in grandsires days, won't do now; she mun ha' vine zhining drawers, with images and children's play-things, and china-ware, as they cale'n it, and strange things never zeen bevore, and hounge look'n glassses to zee'em fen, che think, and *India* cabinet, with straunge birds upon't, and *Persia* carpet, and the devil and aul: And aul these things cost a pow'ero' money; and he had no need on 'em till he got a wife.

Cloth. Well, thee hast told a long story, *Humphry*; but suppose all this, and that he was at these charges, yet to be sure he had a good portion with his wife that paid for all.

Humph. As to his portion, che can say nought; there was taak indeed of twelve hundred pound; but indeed meister, che can believe nought on't.

Cloth. Why so, *Humphry*?

Humph. Che'll tell you meister, bevore a year was out, it was aul agoo, and he was forced to sell *Pescod Close*, and all the woad about it, to make money on: And he must either zpend woundily, or else he had'n no such portion.

Cloth. That was but a bad sign of a portion, that is the truth on't *Humphry*. But tho' Mr. *Hawkins* was deceived in a wife, every man e'nt served so: Don't you think there are some good women in the world, *Humphry*?

Humph. Zure and zure, meister, but very vew, if there be ony at all.

Cloth. You are too uncharitable, *Humphry*: And have entertained a prejudice against all women, for the sake of one bad one.

Humph. Nay, meister, I know an hundred bad ones for one good one.

Cloth. Well, if you knew a thousand, I may get a good one for all that; and therefore I am resolved to try, let it be how it will.

Humph. Why then, meister, you need no advice; for if you be rezolved to marry, there's no more to be zaid on't.

Cloth. Yes, *Humphry*, there is room for advice still: For tho' I will hear nothing against marrying, yet I will hear any advice for the choosin' of a good wife.

Humph. Truly, meister, I wish you a good one, but I wont pretend to advise you to chuse a good one; so ch'am in the mind the old proverb is true in this case.

Cloth. What proverb's that?

Humph. Proverb, meister? Why the proverb is, *Baa's the b. st.*

Cloth. Well, but for all your proverb, what do you think of young Miss *Peacock*?

Humph. Praye, meister, don't ask me.

Cloth. Why so?

Humph. Because ch'am afraid you'll be angry wi' me.

Cloth. No, I won't be angry with you, say what you will.

Humph. Why then, meister, che'll tell you what che think; che think a *Peacock* is but a fow bird, tho't has vine veathers.

Cloth.

Cloth. Why how now, you unmannerly lowt, is that all you say of the finest young woman in *Exeter*.

Humpe. Why law-ye now; che zaid you'd'n not be angry; and therefore che'd better say nothing: Vor these women are pestilent things to meddle with.

Cloth. I ben't angry; but pray when you speak of Miss *Peacock*, speak with respect, for I have a love for her.

Humph. Nay, if it be so far gone, ch'ave no more to zay; but wish ye goodluck.

[Exit Humphry.]

Cloth. I do believe *Humphry*'s an honest fellow; but I can't bear to hear her disrespected, who is the centre of my happiness. How could he call her a foul bird, when every part of her is far more glorious, in my eye, than all the feathers of that bird which bears her name? Let other women be devils if they will, I'm sure that mine is an angel: Oh I could gaze upon her for an age together, and never be weary. Besides her portion is extraordinary: Three thousand pounds would make her handsome, if she were not so; but when her person and her portion both invite, it would make a hermit leave his cell to court her.—— But how to be first introduced, is now what lies upon me to contrive.

—— Stay, —— Let me see —— Very well —— Now I have it —— her maid, Mrs. *Dorothy*, is her great crony, her very cabinet counsellor; and I have what will quickly make my way, for gold is a key that opens every lock. I know the house where I may speak with her, and I will go to her instantly.

[Exit.]

The clothier being resolved upon marrying, and having chosen his mistress, goes presently to a tavern in *Exeter*, where Mrs. *Dorothy* was well

acquainted, and sends for her; between whom passes the following Dialogue.

Clothier and Mrs. Dorothy.

Cloth. Mrs. *Dorothy*, your humble servant; I got my friend to send for you hither only to desire a favour.

Dorothy. Your servant, sir, I shall be very ready to grant any favour to a gentleman, that lies in my power, tho' you are a stranger to me.

Cloth. I am so, Mrs. *Dorothy*, but hope I shall be better acquainted with you: My name is *Wilmot*, the Clothier of *Crediton*.

Dorothy. Your humble servant, sir: I dare say, sir, I know your business without being told it.

Cloth. Pray, what do ye think it is then?

Dorothy. Why, sir, I suppose you have a kindness for my young mistress, and would willingly be an humble servant of her's; and desire my assistance in the matter.

Cloth. Never an astrologer in *England* could have guessed more right: I have a very great respect for Miss *Peacock*; for she is a very pretty and well-deserving gentlewoman: And I know you have a great influence upon her, and may be very serviceable in promoting my addresses to her, if I may hope for so much favour from you.

Dorothy. Why truly, sir, I do believe I may be serviceable to you; for my young mistress has a very great kindness for me, and will do nothing without my advice.

Cloth. I know, Mrs *Dorothy*, you are able enough to serve me, if you are but willing: And if you please to favour me so far, you shall not find me ungrateful.

[Gives her a piece of gold.

Dorothy.

Dorothy. Sir, as I know I can serve you, so I do assure you I will, to the utmost of my power, and I dare say, I shall serve my mistress in it too: for I believe you are a very worthy gentleman; And indeed, my mistress deserves such a one, for she is both a very young gentlewoman, and has a good fortune besides.

Cloth. Mrs. *Dorothy*, I thank you kindly; you shall be no loser by what you do for me; but tho' it is her person that I value, pray, what may her fortune be?

Dorothy. Why, sir, her father left her two thousand five hundred pounds; and her mother, I am sure, will make it up above 3000*l.* for she loves her extremely.

Cloth. It is a very good fortune, but yet no more than the estate I shall bring her to will deserve: And I hope, if it be our luck to come together, I shall make her a good husband. But, as to that, I must be beholden to your kind offices.

Dorothy. Sir, if you please to give yourself the trouble of meeting me here tomorrow, I doubt not but I may introduce you to my old mistress, and my young one too; for the old gentlewoman must be spoke to first: And leave it to me, sir, to order matters so that you shall have a favourable reception from both.

Cloth. I'll be sure to meet you, and don't doubt your performance, Mrs. *Dorothy*. [Exeunt.]

Mrs. *Dorothy* having received some encouragement from the Clothier, follows her business, and like a cunning baggage, tells her old mistress how industrious she has been to get her young mistress a husband; that Mr. *Wilmot*, the great clothier, was, by her extolling of her, become desperately in love with her, and had resolved to make his addresses to

her. Her mistress was very well pleased with the news, and she promises the girl a guinea to buy her a new scarf, when the match is concluded: Having this encouragement from her old mistress, away goes she to her young mistress, and sets forth all the good qualities and taking qualifications of the Clothier; with his estate, and all that; not forgetting her own industry in promoting the matter, as if all had been thro' her sole contrivance; telling her, that he would give her an interview the day following: Her young mistress was as willing to have a good husband, as her mother was willing she should; and therefore, to make *Dorothy* the more diligent, she gives her a token of her kind acceptance of what she had done: Giving her a great charge, to see, not only the house, but especially, her, the said Miss *Lucy Peacock's* own person, set off to the best advantage, that our young inamorato may be yet further ensnared by her. *Dorothy* takes the token, thanks her young mistress, and promises that she will take that particular care to dress her so nicely, and to place every ring and curl of her hair in that exact symmetry and order, that she should be the very pattern of perfection; and that if Mr. *Wilmot* had ten thousand hearts, she should entangle every one of them, and pierce him with as many darts as the picture of the anatomy in the almanack. The day following, all things being done according to art, and the young lady ticked up to a nicety, so that she looked like a meer piece of waxwork; and every thing being set in print, away goes Mrs. *Dorothy* to the place appointed, and meets the Clothier, who was as willing to charm his lady, as she was him; and had dressed himself like an absolute beau; as if he intended nothing more than to make the young lady instantly languish and die for him——

Mrs.

Mrs. *Dorothy* was very pleasingly surprized to see the Clothier so metamorphosed for the better, and could not forbear telling him, that she never saw any young gentleman with a better mien, or a more charming air; and that she would venture the displeasing of her mistress to introduce him then, tho' her mistress was not so prepared to receive him, as she should be——(for you must know that Mrs. *Dorothy* was none of those squeamish sort of people that believed a lie would choak them.) The Clothier was extremely obliged to her for her kindness, which produced another gratuity; and so, without any more ado, she has him to her mistress's house; and leaving him to admire the neatness and furniture of the room, and his own sweet phiz in a large looking-glass, in comes the old gentlewoman to him; which gave a beginning to the following dialogue.

Mr. *Wilmot* the Clothier, and old Mrs. *Peacock*,
the young Lady's Mother.

Cloth. Madam, I beg your pardon for this rude intrusion into your house. 'Twas love (the love of Miss *Lucy*, your fair daughter) that brought me hither; and if, thro' the impetuosity of that passion, I have omitted any of those prudentials that ought to have been observed, I hope the cause will atone for the effect.

Old Gent. Sir, you are very welcome to my house; I doubt not but you come in an honourable way: I knew your father before you, and am satisfied he was a very honest man; and I have heard the same of you; and if my daughter and you can agree, (for I am for putting no force upon her inclination) I believe you and I shall not disagree.

Cloth. I doubt not, madam of your sincerity, nor of the kind affections of your daughter, for I am sure
a hard

a hard heart cannot dwell in such a beauteous frame as she possesses.

*For if her passion does but answer mine,
We soon shall in a closer union join.*

Old Gent. My daughter, sir, will wait upon you presently.—See here she comes ; and you can talk more freely when alone. *[Exit.*

Enter Miss *Lucy*, with *Dorothy* waiting on her.

Cloth. *[Going to her, and saluting her.]* Madam, I come with all the zeal of a sincere and and faithful lover, to make an offer of my heart to you : 'Tis that which you have wounded, and therefore that which you alone can heal.

Miss *Lucy.* Sir, I am a stranger unto what you say : And as I cannot think that I have wounded you ; so I'm sure I know no way to heal you.

Cloth. The sun is ignorant of its own heat, but that does not hinder it from cherishing the world with its benign rays, and sometimes scorching those that approach too near it.

Miss *Lucy.* It seems the fault then is not in the sun, but those that come so near it : For its benign rays would do no hurt, did they but keep themselves at a due distance.

Cloth. Dear madam, your beauty and your wit equally wound.

Miss *Lucy.* I'm sorry, sir, I should be such a dangerous creature.

Cloth. Well, madam, I see you will be too hard for me : And therefore I will pretend to compliment no longer : In plain terms then, I love you ; and would chuse to make you my wife before all women in the world ; and if you have as much mind

to take me for a husband, the match will be soon made. What say you, madam?

Miss *Lucy*. I say, sir, you're all upon extremes.

Cloth. Indeed, madam, I think you wrong me extremely to say so: And yet you are not altogether out neither, for I am extremely in love, and extremely willing to be married; if you love me as well as I love you, I believe we should be an extremely happy pair; what do you think, madam?

Miss *Lucy*. I think you're too hasty, sir; you must give me a little time to consider on't; and to know whether I can love at all, or no; and then whether I can love you or no: And not do things hand over head; but to do things with discretion.

Cloth. How, madam, give you time to consider whether you can love, or no! Methinks, that should be out of the question, when you admit the address of your slave. Besides,

Without we love, life's but an empty name.

Not worth the while, and slowly on it moves;

'Tis love that knits the universal frame,

And ev'ry creature, ev'ry insect loves.

And why should you take time to consider whether you love me, or no, any more than I did whether I could love you? I loved you as soon as ever I saw you; and why should not you do the same by me? And as for the discretion you talk on, it looks very coldly when love is in question. Nor is it, as the famous *Cowley* says, *to be found in all love's dictionary*.

Miss *Lucy*. I perceive, sir, that our opinions differ, and so farewell. — [Offers to go.

Cloth. Pray, madam, hear me one word more.

Miss *Lucy*. Another time, sir, will do as well.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Dorothy to the Clothier.] My mistress is a little out of humour; but I'll warrant you, I'll bring her to, against the next time you come.

Cloth. Do you think she'll admit me again?

Mrs. Dorothy. O don't question that sir; remember her last words, *Another time will do as well.* Have you forgot the song, sir,

He's not a lover that so giveth over,

Since thus runs the sport;

Assault her but often, you'll soon take the fort:

Cloth. Dear *Mrs. Dorothy*, employ all your interest for me, and I'll be sure to remember you.

Mrs. Dorothy. Don't doubt my endeavours, sir, nor your own success; but remember 'tis the end crowns the work. [Exit.]

The Clothier and *Mrs. Dorothy* being parted, she considers with herself which way she should make her young mistress more pliable against he came again; for she knew it would be something in her way, and without saying any thing to any body, away goes she to a cunning man, that lived in *Exeter*, and tells him what manner of man courted her mistress, every dimple and mark in his face that she had observed, the place where he lived, the calling that he followed; gives him an account of their first meeting, how they parted, and every circumstance she could think of: Then bids him be sure to take notice that he had never seen her in his life, when she came with her mistress, which should be the next morning. This being done, away she goes home to her young mistress; between whom there passed this dialogue.

Enter

Enter *Dorothy* and her Young Mistress.

Dorothy. Well, forsooth, Mr. *Wilmot* is gone away extremely troubled; I wonder that you'd answer him so crossly, and part in such a pet as you did. I question whether he'll come again or not.

Miss *Lucy*. Why, would you have me yield the first time I saw a man? Thus would a'been being too forward: But why d'ye think he won't come again.

Dorothy. Because he said, he thought it would be to no purpose.

Miss *Lucy*. Well, if he be gone, let him go if he will, what care I? But did he seem troubled?

Dorothy. Yes, very much troubled; especially because you seem to be so indifferent, and left him on a sudden without taking your leave: Nay, forsooth, it was a little rude, that's the truth on't.

Miss *Lucy*. Well, it can't be helped now; but if it was to do again, I think I should'nt do so. I wish I knew whether he'd come again, tho'. — — —

Dorothy. Now you talk o' that, I'll tell you what Mrs. *Peggy Northway* was telling me about a fortnight ago, that was with the cunning-man that lives by *East-Gate*, to enquire about one that made love to her, when she was a maid; and he described him as exactly as any thing in the world; and she had him at last: And what if you and I went to him to enquire about Mr. *Wilmot*.

Miss *Lucy*. I didn't care if I went to the cunning man; but I wouldn't enquire about Mr. *Wilmot* for the world; that would be to expose myself.

Dorothy. I don't mean we should mention his name, or ask any thing about him: But you may ask whether you shall be married, or no; and when, and to what sort of man? And then we shall hear what he will say.

Mrs.

Miss Lucy. But I wouldn't have my mother know; and you know we have no opportunity to go.

Dorothy. Good lack-a-day, forsooth, you make scruples where you need not: What if we missed prayers tomorrow morning, and make a trip to *East-Gate*, to his chamber? Who would be the wiser? You know my old mistress does not rise till eleven o'clock; and we may be back again by the time prayers are done.

Miss Lucy. I didn't think of that, indeed: Well, I don't care if I do; but you must be sure to keep counsel, whatever he says: For I wouldn't have any body know for all the world.

Dorothy. You may be sure that I won't open my lips to any creature about it.

Mrs. Lucy. Well then, be sure you call me up betimes.

Dorothy. I'll warrant ye, forsooth, we'll be time enough. [Exeunt.]

This agreement being made, the young lady could hardly sleep all night, for thinking of what the cunning man would say in the morning; nor *Dorothy*, for the pleasure she took in having so dexterously imposed upon her mistress, to serve the Clothier; which she reckoned, would be at least half a guinea in her way. Having both passed away the tedious hours with as much patience as they could, at last *Dorothy* gets up, and dresses her mistress, and so away they tripped to *East-Gate*; where the cunning man has them into a drawing room; between whom and the young woman there passes this dialogue.

Cunning man. Ladies, a good morning to you: Pray what is your business with me?

Dorothy.

Dorothy Sir, I thought you could have told us that, without asking the question.

Cun. man. But then I must erect a scheme, and so consider the position of the stars—I'll look but in this book, and tell you strait what it is you come about : [*Takes down a book.*] So——'tis love business, I perceive, that you are come about——But hold——I see *Mercury* is now in his debility ; and therefore I perceive the question to be asked, concerns not you, it is your mistress [*Addressing himself to Mrs. Lucy.*] that the business concerns ; and if you please to ask me any question, I'll answer you.

Miss Lucy. Sir, you are so far in the right, that the questions to be asked are concerning myself, yet the person that came along with me, knows what I would have asked, as well as I do myself.

Dorothy. Why, sir, in short, the gentlewoman desires to know whether she shall be married quickly, or not ?

Cun. m. The Almutes, or the Lord of the Ascendant, I find with *Luna*, corporally joined to the Almutes of the seventh house, which is the Matrimonial Family ; and therefore I conclude you'll soon be married.

Dorothy. You say she'll soon be married ; d'ye find that any body is in love with her ? And shall she have him if there be ?

Cun. m. Why——Let me see——[*Looks in his book.*] I find the Aspects not in Trine or Sextile, but in the Quartile Radiation, or Tetragon ; which shews the party has had a late interview, but met with a repulse ; but yet the sign admitting of reception, tho' it is attended with impediments, it will at last succeed.

Dorothy. Pray, sir, answer us more to the purpose, in words that we understand : For we know not what you mean by Quartile Radiations ; nor Tetrasons : You say this gentlewoman has had an humble servant, that he has had an interview, that he has met with a repulse, but that it will at last succeed : Now, sir, you must know, that this lady has had several sparks that have courted her, and been repulsed ; how shall she know therefore which of them 'tis that shall succeed at last ? Can you describe him to her ?

Cun. m. Mistress, that I can : [*Looks in his book again.*] As to his person, he is rather tall than short ; but of so just a size, as cannot well be termed either : His garb and gesture are free and natural ; his hair is lovely brown ; he is of a fair complexion ; his forehead high, round and majestick ; his eye quick and piercing, and his chin short and dimpled.

Dorothy. Can you tell what his calling is ?

Cun. m. He has many servants that he employs : Let me see——[*Looks in his book again.*] *Jove* in the *Ram* is Lord of the Ascendant, and in his proper exaltation too. He is concerned in the woollen manufactory, and either is a wool merchant, or clothier, but for aught I can see, it is the latter, for there's not the least Azimenes, or Planetary Influence opposes it.

Dorothy. And this, you say, must be the happy man.

Cun. m. The stars have so decreed, I do assure you ; and there's no resistance of the laws of fate : This sublunary world must yield obedience to the celestial virtues.

Dorothy. Well, madam, have you any other question to ask the gentleman before we go ?

Mrs.

Miss *Lucy*. No, nothing further. I am satisfied :
Please you to accept of this, sir ?

[Gives him the money.

Cun. m. I thank you, madam : Ladies, your
humble servant. [Exit.

Miss *Lucy* and *Dorothy* alone.

Dorothy. Well, mistress, I wonder how the cunning man came to know all this ? He described Mr. *Wilmet* as well as if he'd been acquainted with him.

Miss *Lucy*. He really described him to a nicety ; and told his very calling too. Well, since he's the man decreed to be my husband, I'll treat him better when he comes again.

Dorothy. You see, forsooth, he could tell you there was a repulse, which had like to have been an impediment.

Miss *Lucy*. I can't tell whether they deal with the devil, or no ; but they tell things very strangely in my mind.—But see, prayers are just done ; and we're come back without the least suspicion. Now let us make haste home : [Exeunt.

Miss *Lucy* being thus confirmed by the cunning man, that the clothier was to be her husband, resolves now to treat him with all the respect imaginable. The clothier and herself being both equally affected with the same foolish fear ; for he fears his mistress won't be kind to him, and she fears her sweetheart has taken her last foolish carriage so ill, that he won't come again. But Mrs. *Dorothy* meets him privately and lets him know the good offices she has done for him ; for which he does not fail to reward her, and now longs for another interview with his charming mistress, which being brought about by Mrs. *Dorothy*, they thus treat each other.

Enter the *Clothier* and *Mrs. Lucy*.

Cloth. Well, madam, I have presumed to give you another visit; for love's a very strange sort of a thing.

Miss Lucy. As to your visit, sir, you're very welcome; and it is an obligation I ought to acknowledge; but, pray sir, why is love so strange a thing? I thought it had been a very agreeable passion.

Cloth. Yes, madam, so it is when it meets with a suitable return: But this is that which makes me call it strange, that tho' it meets but with indifferent returns; nay, tho' it meets but with disdain and hatred, 'tis still the same: For,

*True love can never change its seat;
Nor did he ever love that can retreat.*

Miss Lucy. I doubt there are but very few men that love at such a rate: For this is an inconstant age we live in.

Cloth. 'Tis not my business, madam to justify the age, or to account for other men, but as to my own particular,

*That noble flame that my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive;*

*That shall walk with me to the lower shade,
and never fade,*

When my soul's fled:

*Nor shall my love die, when my body's dead;
My very ashes in their urn,*

Shall like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

Miss Lucy. Were there not more of fancy than of truth in what you say, it is pity such a passion should meet with an unsuitable return: Nor do I think you have occasion to complain.

Cloth. You, madam, best can tell; for from your lips do I expect the sentence of my life or death.

Miss

Miss Lucy. If it is in my power to pronounce your sentence, I'd have you live.

Cloth. It is impossible without your love.

Mrs. Lucy. I bid you live, and why would you have me more explicit?

Cloth. But if you love, why should you so much scruple to declare it, since 'twould so much contribute to my satisfaction?

Miss Lucy. It is not kind thus to insist on a plain declaration, when I have said already that which is tantamount: You can't but know that in a maid, silence is often taken for consent. Now I think I speak plainly.

Cloth. [Embracing and kissing her.] Life of my soul, and soul of my affections, I am now fully satisfied: And think myself much happier than if great queens in all their pomp and pride should court me for my love, and in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds.

Miss Lu. *Love is a pow'r too great to be withstood
By a weak virgin made of flesh and blood.* [Exeunt.

So far all's well: They now are both agreed,
And they must next be married with all speed:
They've nothing now but pleasures in their view,
And ev'ry day's endearments still are new;
So that already they so much possess.

As may entitle them to happiness.

But to what sorrows are we oft betrayed!

How quickly all our blooming joys do fade!

For minds are hardly matched; even the first.

'Tho' paired by heaven, in paradise were curs'd

For man and woman, tho' in one they grew,

They first or last return again to two.

He to God's image, she to his was made,

So farther from the font the stream at random strays

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;

But if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware!

And better shun the gulf, than struggle in the

[snare]

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

Between the Clothier, Humphry his Man, his Lady, her Mother, Cousin Jane, Dorothy, &c. about furnishing the House, and celebrating the Wedding.

TH E last dialogue had just brought the two lovers to an agreement; they had given each other their hands, and sealed it with mutual kisses: And now the next thing is to treat with her mother, to see what he shall have with her; for a wife without a portion, is like a pudding without fat; A wife will be sure to bring expences; and 'tis but reasonable she should bring something to defray them: She will be ever and anon wanting this thing and the other thing; and if she does not bring a good portion, her husband will soon want money to supply her.

Let us see therefore how the clothier manages the tack with the old gentlewoman.

Enter the Clothier and his Mistress's Mother.

Cloth. Madam, through your permission I have been to wait upon your daughter; and she and I do now so well understand each other, that we want nothing but your consent to make us happy.

Moth. I do not all discommend my daughter for the choice she has made: For both your person and parts speak for you,

Cloth. I am beholden to you, madam, for your good opinion: And whatsoever my parts and person be, I hope I shall be always a loving and kind husband to your daughter; and unto you a dutiful and an obedient son.

Moth.

Moth. I doubt it not, sir : Well, you are, I believe for the old method.

Cloth. What method, madam ?

Moth. You have seen what she is, and like her ; and now you are for knowing what she has.

Cloth. I am so well satisfied with what she is, that I hav'n't yet so much as made enquiry what she has.

Moth. Then you're so generous a lover, that I suppose you care not whether she has any thing or no.

Cloth. I could not justify my love to her, if I should be so negligent as not to care whether or no I had a portion with her. Her person is alone the object of my love ; but a good portion is an appurtenance so necessary, that there's no living handsomely without it ; and 'tis my love to her makes me desire it.

Moth. You argue well, and I commend you for it : But what portion is it you desire.

Cloth. I understand there is a portion left her by her father ; which, as it is some years since, has, I believe grown greater by improvement : And what your goodness shall be pleased to add to it, I hope we shall endeavour to deserve.

Moth. You answer with discretion : Her portion was two thousand and five hundred pounds ; and shall be paid you on the day of marriage ; but for improvements, know, I am no usurer, and if I were, yet what I ventured, I deserve to have ; and as to what I shall add farther, that shall be at my pleasure, to do as I see fit.

Cloth. Madam, I heartily thank you : I doubt not but we shall so demean ourselves, as to deserve your blessing. But I have one request to make to you more ; and that is, that you and your fair daughter would please to honour me so far, as to come and dine

dine with me on *Thursday* next, at my own house at *Kirton*.

Moth. I thank you, son-in-law, (for so I'll call you now) we'll come and see you to be sure, and after that fix on the wedding day.

Cloth. I thank you, mother, (for so you have emboldened me to call you) I will expect you according to your promise. [*Exit.*

Enter Clothier and Dorothy.

Cloth. Well, *Dorothy*, I have been with your old mistress, and I find you told me right, as to your mistress's portion, 'twas two thousand and five hundred pounds.

Dorothy. Sir, I hope you shall never find me in a false story: And as for what is to come beside, you need not doubt of a good round sum from my old mistress, if you do but please her, as that you'll easily do, for she has a mighty opinion of you already.

Cloth. Nay, I'll endeavour to please her, I'll warrant you, girl; it shall cost me a fall else.

Dorothy. Me-hap, sir, I may put you in mind of something that will be expected of you, and which you mayn't think of.

Cloth. That's very right indeed: Prithee *Dorothy* be so kind: Come, *Dorothy*, I'm in your debt still. But here, take this in part.

[*Gives her a guinea.*

Dorothy. I thank you, sir, you are too generous, but I'll endeavour to serve you.—But as I was saying, it is expected now you should present my young mistress with something. My old mistress was asking me t'other day, what you had presented her with, and I told her you intended to do it suddenly.

Cloth.

Cloth. That was very well answered truly : I thank you, *Dorothy*. But what do you think will be most proper ?

Dorothy. I believe a good diamond ring will do very well ; or a gold watch to wear by her side ; for my young mistress wants such a thing : Or indeed, if you presented them both, it would do better ? and you don't think how my old mistress would take it ; and so would my young mistress too, for she'll think she's slighted, if she has no present made her.

Cloth. Well I quite forgot it ; but I'll do it before I go home !

Dorothy. You know, sir, 'twill be all your own at last, and so 'tis all one.

Cloth. True, *Dorothy*, true. I'll about it.

Dorothy having put our clothier upon making a present to his mistress he thinks himself extremely beholden to her for her information ; and goes presently, and buys them, laying out fifteen guineas for a watch, and thirty guineas for a diamond ring ; and then presents them both to Mrs. *Lacy*, whose kind acceptance of the toys was so well taken by him that he esteemed his money well laid out ; which, with two or three kisses, was in full satisfaction.— But it is now time for the clothier to go home, and get things ready against the visiting-day : And calling for his man *Humphry*, between whom and his master, there passed the following dialogue.

Enter the Clothier and his Man Humphry.

Cloth. So *Humphry*, how goes matters at home ?

Humph. Zure, meister, che believen matters go better at whome thon they do abroad.

Cloth. Why so *Humphry* ?

Humph. Why, meister, at whome we wörken hard, and gotten money, but che vear, that when you be abroad, you make it vly.

Cloth. Why do you take me for such a bad husband then?

Humph. No zure, meister; but when you go a zuitering, cham sure it must be so—But pray, meister, tell with me a little: How don ye prozeed?

Cloth. Why, *Humphry*, I have been a suitering as you say; and that is a little chargeable; I find; for it has cost me one forty-five guineas to day already. But——

Humph. Forty five guineas! Hoyty toyty! Then 'tis all agoo, evaith, meister. But, preay, how var have ye proceedd?

Cloth. Proceeded! Why, I have proceeded so far, that the gentlewoman and I are agreed, and she and her mother are to dine here next *Thursday*; and then the wedding-day is to be fixed upon. So far it hath proceeded, *Humphry*.

Humph. It hath——Odsidikins, we must have twanking doings here a *Thursday* next then che war'nt.

Cloth. I must have all things set in order, the house made clean from top to bottom, and every thing done to the best advantage: Then I must have an extraordinary dinner, and a cook from *Exeter*, to dress it.

Humph. From *Exeter*! Why, zure your maid *Mable* may zarve turn: Cham zure she has drest mony a good dinner vor vashionable gentlevolks; and why not now?

Cloth. Because this is an extraordinary occasion, my mistress and her mother are to come to see me, I tell you.

Humph.

Humph. Odslid, on 'twere my case, che would zave what che could, that they meet not think che was prodigal. Chave been at charge enouff already : Forty-five guineas in a day ! Meis, fin che was a bore, che never heard o'zieh a thing.

Clotb. Fool, what's forty-five guineas, when I' n to have a wifewith two thousand five hundred pounds ?

Humph. Veith, meister, if 'twere five thousand pound, 'twill zoon be all agoo at this rate.

Clotb. But this is not every day, *Humphry* : You must know, I made her a present this day of a gold watch, and a diamond ring, which is all I have given her yet.

Humph. Yet, quotha ; an chad been my wife, che'd not a gin her so much this twelvemonth : And then to ge'er a gold watch and a diamond ring too ! Odslid : one on them meet a zarved at a time, che think.

Clotb. Why truly, *Humphry*, I had not given both, but that *Dorothy*, her waiting-maid, said it would not look handsome else.

Humph. A plague on her ! The jade's in fee with her mistress, che'll warrant her.

Clotb. 'Twill be very well taken by her mother, and so I shall lose nothing by it. Besides, when we are married, then they're mine again ; and the things look well, and would yield money again, if they were to be sold. Pray, *Humphry*, take care that all things be in good order on *Thursday* next, that I mayn't be disgraced when they come to see me, and let there be nothing wanting.

Humph. There shall be nothing wanting that the house affords : But for what chear they mun have, that you mun zee to your zen. And as vor the house it shall be all well and vine.

Clotb.

Cloth. That's all I desire of you, *Humphry*.

[*Exeunt*,

The clothier having given *Humphry* a charge to see all well at home, provides a noble dinner for them, and a cook from *Exeter*, that he might have every thing done to a nicety. The time being come, they all came in a coach; and the clothier and his servants were ready to receive them. When after a very plentiful and splendid dinner, the clothier asked his mother-in-law, and mistress elect, if they would please to take a view of his house; which they readily agreed to: Upon which occasion there passed the following dialogue.

Enter Clothier, Mother-in-Law, Mistress, Cousin *Joan*, *Dorothy*, and *Humphry*.

Cloth. This, madam, is my own chamber, where I lie myself, and which I do intend shall be my wife's when I bring her home: Pray, how d'ye like it.

Moth. Truly, son, (for so I'll call you now) I like the chamber very well; 'tis a good room enough; but I don't like your windows by any means; they ben't at all proper.

Cloth. Pray, madam, what fault do you find with them?

Moth. Fault! Why, they're just like a gaol. I wonder at the folly of our forefathers, to build at such a nasty rate! This will look more like a prison than a bride-chamber.

Cloth. Why, madam, this was the old way of building; and all the windows of the house are done after this rate.

Humph. This was my old mistress's chamber, vorisooth, and she waz as neat a woman, and as good a housewife as ony in *Devonshire*, zure and zure.

Moth.

Moth. Yes, *Humphry*, I believe all that, but yet she might not understand the modern way of building.

Cloth. Nay, if I were to build now, I'd have them done otherwise, to be sure: But as they be, I know not how to help it.

Miss Lucy. O dear Mr. *Wilmot*, don't say so; not know how to help it, quotha! Why, d'ye think I'd lie in a room with such windows as these? Upon my word, not I; For ten pounds charge you may have it taken down, and made into a noble fash window, with large great glafs.

Cloth. Say you so, my dear? Why then I'll have it done: Indeed, that will look very noble——
Humphry, pray speak to the bricklayer and carpenter to be here to-morrow morning, that I may set them about it.

Moth. And I tell you what, son; when you are a doing e'en make but one do for all, and let the windows in the parlour be made so too.

Cous. Joan. Ay, by my troth, cousin, I think that'll be the best way: For they look very pimping as they be.

Doroth. Indeed, sir, were it to me, when my hand is in, I'd alter them all: 'Twould make the house abundantly better.

Hump. Zure and zure, meister, an 'twor to me che'd e'en pull down the whole house, and build it new, and then every one may ha' their fancy.

Cloth. No, hold there, *Humphry*, that's a little too much.

Humph. Why, ne'er stir, meister, che believen 'twill sale down with all these alterations.

Cloth. No, no, *Humphry*, the carpenter and bricklayer will take care of that.

Moth.

Matb. But, son, are these the curtains and vallens you design for your bride bed?

Dorothy. No, madam, I'm sure Mr. Wilmot don't design these for his bride, for these are quite out of fashion now.

Humph. Why, how now den? zure my meister is big enough to taak vor him zen.

Cloth. Then pray, hold you your tongue, *Humphry.* Madam, I was willing to take my mistress's advice in these things, and that was the chief end of my desiring her company here.

Dorothy. I knew I was in the right, for all *Humphry* took me up so short: But, I believe we shall be better acquainted in a while.

Miss Lucy. Yes, yes, for I must'nt have *Humphry* and you fall out; for I am sure his master has a great respect for him.

Cloth. I have so, for *Humphry's* a good honest fellow in the main; but wants a little breeding—— But pray, my dear, what kind of curtains d'ye design to have?

Mrs. Lucy. As to that, we had best consult with an upholsterer at *Exeter*——

Cous. Joan. But, cousin *Lucy*, sure you intend to have a better looking-glass than this, in your chamber?

Humph. Pray, what ails this glass, vorsooth? Cham zure the best gentlewoman in *Devenshire* may zee her face in't, and all her body too, and the wun.

Cous. Joan. Yes, honest *Humphry*, 'tis big enough but it has an old-fashioned frame. 'Ten't at all modish.

Miss Lucy. Look ye, Mr. *Wilmot*, I'll tell you what we shall want to furnish this chamber as it should be, after the sash windows are made.

Cloth.

Cloth. Pray do, my dear : You shall have any thing you desire.

Miss Lucy. Thank you sir.—Then I'll tell you what we shall want,——Let me see,——A large looking-glass with a japanned frame, and a mantle-piece for the chimney, set with looking-glass, in japanned frames ; a chest of drawers japanned and gilt ; a table, and two stands of the same ; a dozen of cane-chairs with japanned frames, and quilted silk cushions of the colour of the bed ; and a set of the best china for the drawers, and two china jars to be set on each side the chimney.

Cous. Joan. Indeed, cousin, there's nothing you have spoken of, but what's very necessary ; and that will set off the room very handsomely ; especially if you let the bed be of good silk, and lined with some light colour, suitable to the hangings.

Mrs. Lucy. O dear, I had quite forgot ; there must be a good set of hangings, by all means. But 'twill be time enough to speak to the upholsterer about that at *Exeter*.

Cloth. Well, my dear Miss *Lucy*, do but satisfy yourself, and I am contented.

Moth. That's very kindly spoken truly, son *Wilmot*, and you shall lose nothing by it.

Dorothy. Nay, madam, I was sure Mr. *Wilmot* would prove a kind husband, or else I'd never a wished him to my young mistress.

Humph. A murrain take you for a wheedling gypsy : I'm zure you'll pick my master's pocket sufficiently among ye all. [Aside,

Cloth. Well, madam, 'tis now time to appoint the wedding-day ; I hope all other matters are adjusted.

Moth. Yes, son, I think this day se'nnight will be a good time, if things can be got ready so soon,
for

for I wouldn't my daughter married in hugger-mugger: For you'll have a good fortune with her, and I'd have the solemnity be accordingly.

Miss *Lucy*. Mother, Mr. *Wilmot* intends no other; and if his house can't be got ready so soon, we may tarry a week or a fortnight at home till it is; and as for the wedding-dinner, you know, mother, that will be your business.

Clab. I don't doubt, mother, but with a little application all things will be got ready.

Cous. *Joan*. But have ye considered all things about the wedding-cloaths; what cloth, what stuff, what silk, what colour, what trimming, what wedding-favours; who are to be bride-men, and who bride-maids? All those things ought to be maturely debated, and well adjusted; which will take up a considerable time.

Doroth. Dear me, Mrs. *Joanna*, I wonder you'll talk so; all this is but to put off the business: Indeed you don't do well in't. When a day's mentioned, why should you go about to put it off? Would you be willing to be served so yourself, if you were so near it? I'm sure you'd never be at rest till the business was over.—But to answer all your questions at once, all this has been settled already.

Cous. *Joan*. Well, Mrs. *Dorothy*, if it be, you need not have took me up so quick; Sure I have as much liberty to speak as you have! But how come you to be so sure that I'd never be at rest till the business was over? I believe you measure my corn by your own bushel.

Doroth. Truly, Mrs. *Joanna*, so I do, for I should be vexed at the heart to have my marriage put off a minute after it was agreed upon; and I think the rest of my sex have the same inclinations as I have.

Miss

Miss *Lucy*. Come, cousin, you mustn't be angry with *Dorothy*. for she spoke o' my side——But, I think, now 'tis time to be going home.

Moth. Yes, so it is. Well, son *Wilmot*, that must be, we thank you for our good entertainment——You'll remember this day se'nnight.

Cloth. I shall remember it, I dare engage
And think each minute till it comes, an age.

But, if you'll be going, I'll wait upon you home.

Moth. Well, if you will, we won't refuse your company. You know I have a bed at home for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

This visit being over, the young couple busy themselves in getting all things ready for the wedding. And the day being come, both bride and bridegroom appeared as it became that solemnity; all things being done with very great decorum; no cost that could set it off, being omitted: And being married, and returned from church, a sumptuous dinner was provided by the mother; when the bridegroom and bride being placed at the upper end of the table, and the guests seated according to their several ranks and qualities; after they had pretty well filled their bellies, and the bride and bridegroom's health had gone twice round; they began to be merry: Which produced many pleasant dialogues, at length a dance was proposed to which they all agreed.

—— Dancing being done, at the consummation of the feast, the *bride* and *bridegroom* are both put to bed: And now the company come up with the sack-poffet, to the great mortification of the bridegroom, who was never more weary of his friends than now: But let him be as weary as he will, they'll have the frolick out; and the sack-poffet must

must be eaten, and the stocking flung, to see who first can hit the bridegroom on the nose. At last, one that had more compassion than the rest, happened to fling the stocking accidentally on purpose, into the midst of the sack-posset ; and then they thought it was time to take it away, and leave the two lovers to themselves——And that no wags might give them a disturbance, the mother locks the door and keeps the key.

But they've scarce time to take a nap, before they are saluted by the fiddlers, the drums rattle, and the trumpets sound, and hautboys toot, and the whole street's filled with the acclamations of good-morrow *Mr. Bridegroom*, and good-morrow *Mrs. Bride* ; and now the money flies from the chamber-windows, which is echo'd back with their good wishes for the new married couple : And thus the first week passes in all the softness of love and pleasure ; in giving and in paying visits, and being at those entertainments that are made by the two bridemen. In all which, there is nothing else but love and jollity, and all the thoughts of business are adjourned till this is over.

The bride and bridegroom now contented be,
 And yet all's love, and sweet satiety :
 My honey and my love, my sweet, my dear,
 Is all that now they from each other hear.
 'Tis honey-moon ; but when that's gone and past,
 I fear we shall hear something else at last.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

Between the Clothier, his Man Humphry his, Mother, Wife, Nurse, and Maid, with what passed at her Lying-in, Christening, and Gossipping.

TH E wedding, and all the concomitants thereof, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, being over, time now begins to jog the clothier by the elbow, and tells him, 'tis high time to look after his own domestick affairs, and see how matters go at *Crediton*, and how the clothing-trade is carried on there. Besides, there are several alterations have been made in his house, to please his wife, who must have all things in the genteel mode, or else we shall have all the fat in the fire. Being come thither he takes his aim in the first place from honest *Humphry*, between whom and himself there passes the following dialogue.

Enter Humphry and the Clothier.

Humph. Meister, che be welcome home, as I may zay : And che wish ye much joy.

Cloth. I thank you, *Humphry*. Well, how go causes here, *Humphry*.

Humph. Zure and zure, meister, trade is but dull, there's no demands for cloth-----But as for other things, here's the mason and the bricklayer the carpenter and the joiner, and I know not who, a making all the haste they can to pick your pocket.

Cloth. Ay, *Humphry*, so I doubt ; but that won't be long, for I don't care how soon they ha' done.

Humph.

Humph. Nor they don't care how long they stay, so long as the money cometh; for chey' zit all agoo, evaith.

Cloth. Well, *Humphry*, I have got a very good mistress for you; and I think myself very happy in a wife.

Humph. Cham glad on't, evaith, meister; God zend it hold zo.

Cloth. I don't fear it: But *Humphry*, I want a curious poney for your mistress to ride on, one that will pace and gallop to a nicety: For I must carry her to see *Bristol*-fair, and I intend you shall go with her to wait upon her.

Humph. Why won't the black nag do, that you have already? That'll pace and gallop very well.

Cloth. That! that must be for *Dorothy*: I'd have a very fine thing for your mistress.

Humph. For *Dorothy*? Odswountlikins, what need that toad go along wi' ye? Why, here'll be the devil to do, meister: This is the way indeed to zet all agoo. I wonder what occasion there is for her going.

Cloth. Why, to wait upon her mistress.

Humph. Wait upon her mistress! Why I thought I had been to do that.

Cloth. You are to ride with her all day; but, I hope, you won't pretend to undress her at night.

Humph. Zure and zure, meister, che know not but che meet, on che were put to't, and dress her too.

Cloth. But your dressing wont do; you'd better dress your horses by half. Or, for ought I know, *Humphry*, you may dress *Dorothy*, tho' you can't dress your mistress; and that may come to something at last.

Humph.

Humph. Drefs *Dorothy*? Marry, if ch'ad the drelling of the leasse, che'd drefs her zo az she' azn't been dressed this seven years.

Cloth. Well, pray *Humphry*; get me a good horse side-saddle and furniture, fitting, for your mistress, and bring it to *Exeter* to my mother's, that I may see how well she likes it: And make all the dispatch you can.

Humph. Che'll do it, zur: But zure and zure, 'twill dispatch your money soon and send it all agoo.

Cloth. Don't you trouble your head with that, but do what I bid you. [*Exeunt.*

Humphry having thus received his master's commands, hearkens out for a little poney for his mistress, which he having bought, and withall taken a very good new side-saddle, and every thing genteel, shews all first to his master, who was very well pleased with what he had done; and orders him to bring them to his mother's, that she and his wife might see them. Which occasions the following

DIALOGUE.

Cloth. My dear, here's *Humphry* has brought a horse for thee that I am sure you'll be very well pleased with: He's as fine a shaped thing as I ever saw, perfect and easy in all his paces, and gentle in his conditions.

Wife. Yes, truly, love, he's a pretty thing enough: He'll do very well.

Humph. Tho' I zay't, vorsooth, che'z good a beast as your ladizhip can zit o' th' back on.

Wife. I like it very well, *Humphry*——But whose side-saddle's that upon his back?

Humph. Che took that up at the zadler's, to zee how your ladyship liked on't.

Wife.

Wife. Truly, *Humphry*, I don't like it at all; this is bale fag trimmed with silk lace.

Cloth. Why, methinks it looks very prettily, love.

Wife. O, dear Mr. *Wilmo*, I wonder you should wrong your judgment so. Why this is hardly good enough for *Dorothy*. Such a horse as this deserves a better side-saddle, I'm sure.

Cloth. What a one would you have, my dear? Is it the colour or the stuff that you mislike?

Wife. As to the colour, I think that's well enough; but I mislike both the stuff and the trimming: For I would have it of the best velvet, and trimmed with silver fringe.

Moth. That would be very neat, indeed, daughter, and would become you very well.

Dorothy. And what if it was crimson velvet, madam, instead of a blue?

Wife. No, crimson wouldn't do well for silver trimming.

Dorothy. But it would look sweetly with gold trimming, madam.

Wife. No, that would be too grave; I like *Humphry's* fancy for the colour; true blue will never stain.

Dorothy. Ah, but crimson velvet's a sweet thing in my mind.

Humph. Why, how now, dem; mon che be ruled by you or my mistrets, I trow.

Cloth. But what will such a side-saddle cost, dy'e think, my dear.

Wife. I believe 'twill cost five or six pounds.

Cloth. Yes, that it will, ten or twelve pounds, I'm sure, and a better penny.

Wife. Well, if it does, you need not grudge it, considering what a portion I brought; there are others that didn't bring their husbands so much by
above

above 500l. that don't grude their wives a velvet side-saddle.

Humph. Vorzooth che don't think my meister grutches at, tho' he may think much of it.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha,

Cloth. Indeed, *Humphry*, thee hast helped me very well out: No, my dear, I neither grudge it, nor think much of it. And therefore pray let this be changed for such a one as your mistress likes.

Dorothy. But, pray, sir, what side-saddle must mine be?

Humph. Yours! Why zure, dem, my old mistress's at home will serve you well enough.

Dorothy. No, indeed won't it, I must have a new one, and will too.

Cloth. Vny, *Dorothy*, my mother's side-saddle is a very good one; you need not be ashamed on't.

Wife. But 'tis old-fashioned, and indeed, I think, *Dorothy* had better have a new one too.

Cloth. Pray, my dear, let it be as you will, and then I hope you'll be satisfied.—And pray, *Humphry*, do you take directions from your mistress and *Dorothy*, and do what they would have you.

Wife. But, my dear, what horse have you got for my cousin *Joanna*? she must go along with us too.

Cloth. Why, this side-saddle that you don't like, may serve for my cousin; 'twill do well enough for her to be sure. And for a horse, my bay nag will do.

Wife. Good *Humphry*, see that all things be ready, and let them be very neat and handsome.

Humph. Yes, vorzooth, che'll take all the care che can, and che'll warrant they'll do.

Humphry having ordered all things according to the directions received, goes to acquaint his mistress with

with it, and lets her see all, which she likes very well, and commends *Humphry* for it, giving him three guineas to equip himself; which she desires him to accept as her gift; and being all ready, away they ride to *Bristol*, the clothier sparing no cost to entertain his new married wife, and shewing her all the rarities that were to be seen there. — After which having given his chapmen a noble treat at the *Gelder's* inn, and they each of them presented his lady with a faring, they took leave of each other, and so parted: The clothier designing for *Exeter*, and his chapmen to their several places of abode. But alas! the clothier was mistaken; for now his lady was abroad, she wasn't willing to go home so soon; as the reader will soon perceive by the following dialogue with her husband, who brought an old houte over his head before he was aware; for being in the inn with his wife, he began to discourse her in this manner.

Cloth. Well, my dear, now I have shewn you *Bristol-Fair*, and all that's to be seen there; tell me how you like it.

Wife. Why, dearest, to be plain with you, I feel nothing in it to admire; you know I see *Exeter-Fair* twice a year, and truly, I think that's to be preferred before *Bristol*. What say you *Humphry*?

Humph. Zay, vorzooth! Che zay, we've com'n a great way, and spent a deal of money to very little purpose, vor zure and zure che meet a zeen as mich at *Exeter* in Vair time, as che've zeen there, vor, whate'er che taake of *Bristol*, *Exeter* is the viner place a great deal.

Wife. Well, honest *Humphry*, you're of my mind, and you're much in the right on't.

Cloth. Well, but you have seen *Exeter* often, and you

you never saw *Bristol* before so that there's novelty in't however.

Cous. *Foan*. What signifies the novelty of seeing a place that en't worth the seeing.

Dorothy. If you would see such things, Mrs. *Foanna*, then you must see *London*. There's novelty enough to please you.

Cous. *Foan*. Ay, that would be a charming sight indeed.

Cloth. Why, what's to be seen there that we ha'n't seen at *Bristol*?

Cous. *Foan*. O twenty things, cousin, that can't be seen any where in *England* besides. There you may see the tombs at *Westminster*; there you may see the lions at the *Tower*; and there you may see the Armoury, *Royal Exchange*, and the City of *London* itself; which they say, is one of the finest cities in the world.

Dorothy. You have forgot several things, Mrs. *Faanna*: There we may see the crown and sceptre; and which is more than all the rest, there we may see the Queen herself, God bless her, and all the charming ladies of the court.

Wife. These are charming sights indeed——But 'tis a great way to *London*; and besides we're going back to *Exeter*.

Humph. Zure and zure, meistress, and that's the best way; for zure and zure, the best zight che con zee, is to zee the looms going at *Kirton*.

Cloth. Well said, honest *Humphry*, that's the main business when all's done.

Wife. So it is, my dear, indeed——Tho' I must say if ever I had a mind to see any thing in my life, 'tis *London*:——But 'tis such a great way thither——

H

Cous.

Cous. *Joan*. A great way, cousin ! Why, 'tis but two days journey now we're here.

Dorothy. No more it isn't, Mrs. *Joanna* : And seeing my mistress longs for the sight of it, I'm sure my master's a kinder husband than to let my mistress lose her longing of her first child, for want of seeing it.

Humphry aside.] O thee'rt a pleaguy wheedling toad ! I'll be hanged now, if my meister ben't drawn in by 'em to go to *London*.

Cloth. Well, *Humphry*, get your horses ready, that we may be going early in the morning, for I long to be at home now.

Humph. Yez, meister, zure che wonno be wanting :———Evasth, ch'am glad my meister's for going home. [*Aside.*

Cloth. Come, my dear, we can go to *London* another time ; mother would be angry if we should go thither now.

Wife. What you please, my dear.

These words were scarce spoken, but Mrs. *Wilmot* (who was now breeding) fell into a swoon ; upon which all run to help her immediately ; some cutting her stays to give her more room, and others burning feathers under her nose, and some sprinkling cold water on her face : At length by the help of a bottle of *Sal Armoniac* applied to her nostrils, she came to herself again. And the cause of this illness being enquired into, it was found to be her longing to go to *London* ; which was so strong an argument for that journey, as answered all objections ; for Mr. *Wilmot* had a greater kindness for his wife, than to let her lose her longing for a hundred pounds charge more ; so that her being with child now is a general licence to do and to have whatever she pleases. So that the next morning they all bent their course

course towards *London*; and in three days time came to the *Saracen's Head* in *Friday-street*: (For 'twas adviseable not to travel too hard, lest the young lady should miscarry.) And now his hand was in, Mr. *Wilmot* was resolv'd to satisfy his lady's longing in all respects; taking a view of all the curiosities and rarities about *London* and *Westminster*, not forgetting to visit the two famous hospitals, one for seamen at *Greenwich*, and the other for soldiers at *Chelsea*; nor was the Queens Palaces of *St. James's* and *Kensington* enough to satisfy Mrs. *Wilmot's* longing, without seeing those more noble ones of *Hamp-ton-Court* and *Windsor*. And now 'twas high time to leave *London* again; having seen and bought all she had a mind to, that she might discourse her mother, when she came home, about the arduous affair of preparing for the lying-in, (for Mr. *Wilmot* and she had not taken so much pains to no purpose.) But before I proceed any farther, I can't but give ye a short dialogue between *Mable*, the clothier's maid at *Crediton*, and honest *Humphry*, when he came from *London*.

Enter *Mable* and *Humphry*.

Mab. Zoa, *Humphry*, you are welcome home at last; you have been hoyty toytying sufficiently che think: Preay, how d'ye like *Lungen*? Dan't you think that zame *Lungen* a vilthy place?

Humph. A vilthy place! Yes, indeed che do zure enough: Che'll tell the what I zay, *Mable*, the black dirt stinks worse than a jakes vive miles off it.

Mab. Or the standing pond by our mixen, before a great rain.

Humph. Right, vaith and troth; and then the horrible din they make with their carts and their

their coaches all day long, rattle, rattle, rattle. Od-slidikins, cha'd no use of the drum of my ears all the wile I was there.

Mab. And then cha've heard zav, the money runs away from one like lumps of quicksilver; that there is no living vor one under a groat a day on che war to be hanged,

Humph. A groat! Marry, while meister and mistress, and that dem *Dorothy*, and cousin *Joan* and I were there, it cost meister a groat and a groat, and a groat, yoi, and twenty groats a day, che'll warrant it.

Mab. Nay, hold, che prays there, *Humphry*, not zo many groats neither.

Humph. Why do'st hear me *Mable*, che'll tell thee what; che went once into a long huge place, che think they calen it the Chonge; and cha'd not stood glowing there zo long az one could blow one's nose, but che'll warrant vorty voken were tearing vor money out o' my pocket: Buy ony gloves or ribbons, cried one; vine linen, vine lace, cried another: Ztokings, ztokings, cried a third; and od-slid, they worn all so eager too vor what che'd about me, as if they'd been meerly vamished, or hadn't eat a dinner in a vortnite.

Mab. Well, *Humphry*, if thick be the way of *Lungen*, che'll e'n ztay at *Kirton*, vor my part.

Humph. Faith and troth, *Mable*, che would not a gon at all, but only mistress and cousin *Joan*, and that dem *Dorothy*, wouldn'a have it zoo; and che mun needs go where the devil drives.

[*Exeunt.*]

Well, the clothier and his wife were very joyfully received at *Exeter*; and he had the praise of a very kind husband, for all the money he had laid out at *Bristol* and at *London*, Then they go all home together

together to *Crediton* where they are received again with musick and rejoicing, as if it were the first day of the marriage: And now Mrs. *Wilmot* appears as the mistress of the house; and having given her benevolence to the carders, spinners, and weavers, and the rest of the folks that carry on the weaving trade, and made their hearts rejoice with a cup of the *creature*, she has parliament-pay for her pains, and receives the thanks of the house. In the next place, she begins to see what's wanting in the house, and sends to the tradesmen in the town, to have it supplied, which is done accordingly, her husband's credit being very good: Nor does she stand to ask her husband's advice, but thinks herself a capable judge in these small matters. But now she begins to look pretty big upon it; and her mother, the better to look after her, and advise her in matters which she is yet a stranger to, comes to tarry with her till she's brought to bed; and, as well to inform her what must be done, as to help to get it done: Now, tho' the house, and the wife's bed-chamber in particular, was new furnished before, yet that won't do now; it was then fitted for a bride, but now it must be fitted for a lying-in woman: And the necessity of this will more plainly appear in the following dialogue between the clothier and his mother-in-law.

Enter the Clothier and his Mother-in-Law.

Moth. Son, you see, as well as I, that your wife, my daughter, is pretty big; and it will be best provided before-hand for her lying-in; for who knows what accident may happen.

Cloth. That's very true, mother; and I am for it; for I know time is bald behind; and therefore 'tis good taking it by the forelock.

Moth.

Moth. Very well. But, son, you must let me talk with you a little, as the country folks say : You know what a portion I gave you with her ; and you know she has a great many good friends and relations that will come to visit her when she lies in ; and, truly child, I should be much troubled to see any daughter of mine lie-in like a porter's wife.

Cloth. A porter's wife, mother ? Why——

Moth. Nay, son, not that I think any such thing of my daughter ! But this is what I about to say. You are looked upon to have had a very good portion with my daughter ; and so, I am sure, you had : For there's my neighbour *Worseluck* had not so much by a thousand pounds ; and when she lay in, which was but a little time since, I'll assure you, son, she had every thing very neat and modish too about her ; and it will be for your reputation to take care that my daughter be in no respect inferior to her. And, to tell you the truth, I think, as her portion was better than Mrs. *Worseluck's*, so should what she has about her be so too ; for there will be more notice taken of such things, by visitors, than you may be aware of ; and if it be not something above what's common, it may redound to your disadvantage.

Cloth. Why, look you, mother, I would have my wife to have things according to her quality ; but, you know, I am ignorant of these affairs, and therefore leave all things to your management : Only I wouldn't be thought prodigal, or extravagant.

Moth. Extravagant ! Why, I hope you don't look upon me to be such a one.

Cloth. Not at all, mother, you misapprehend me ; I would have you do every thing handsome, and yet be as sparing as you can,

Moth.

Moth. Why I hope, son, you never knew me to be otherwise.

Cloth. I know it very well, mother; but ——

Moth. But what? Don't put your butts upon me: I take this unkindly from you, son: I have already given her two suits of child-bed-linen, that, if you had been to buy them would have cost you fifty pounds, and a better penny; and may be seen upon the best gentleman's child in *Devonshire*, without any disparagement to them. But, quotha! Pray, son *Wilmot*, but me with no more of your Buts: I think I have done like a kind mother.

Cloth. You have, indeed, mother; and I own it; therefore, pray don't put yourself into such a passion; but do what you please, and I shall be very well satisfied in it.

Thus the poor Clothier is fain to pull in his horns, and let his mother have her will; for if you do but in the least contradict her, her back's up presently; and the dependance he has upon her for a good windfall at last, makes him submit, though it is ever so unreasonable——But a few good words makes all easy, and he goes to bed to his wife as contented as can be; where there passes the following dialogue between the two.

Wife. Good lack-a-day, husband, I could e'en wish I had never been with child.

Cloth. So woldn't I, my dear, by any means: But prithee, what's the matter?

Wife. Why 'twill be so chargeable, my dear! Indeed, love, I believe if thou hadst known the charge of it before-hand, thou wouldest never have married.

Cloth. Why, what charge will it be, my dear?

Wife.

Wife. Charge! Why, my mother tells me of so many several things I must have, which I never thought on, that even makes me distracted.

Cloth. Prithee, love, don't fret thyself; What things are they?

Wife. Why, she tells me I must have a new bed.

Cloth. Well, don't let that trouble thee: I know where a very fine flowered sattin bed is to be sold, that was my Lady S——s; and I can have it a pennyworth.

Wife. A second-hand bed, my dear! Why, sure you wouldn't offer such a thing to me! I wouldn't lie in a second-hand bed of the best gentlewoman's in England.

Cloth. Why, my dear, I assure I have known very good gentlewomen buy second-hand beds, which look so well, that none could know them from new.

Wife. I don't speak against that, my love; but persons of quality have got such a way of perfuming their beds, that I am not able to endure them.

Cloth. That's another matter, my dear: if it be so, we'll have a new one: And if there be none that you like in *Exeter*, I'll send for one to *London*, for they may be had there in every upholsterers shop in *Cornhill*.

Wife. Now you are obliging my dear. Come one kiss, and so let us go to sleep.

The next morning the mother, who had been hatching of mischief all night, comes to the Clothier, her son-in-law, with a second part of the same tune, and thus begins her dialogue.

Moth.

Moth. Well, son, I could hardly sleep last night, for studying which way to contrive things for your wife's lying-in, so as to save charges; and after all am come to this result, that there's nothing to be done without a new bed;——'Tis for your credit; for, considering 'tis the first time of your wife's lying-in, I would have all things look with a grace. Now, whether to have it of damask, or flowered sattin, that I han't been able to resolve yet; but I think for the first fortnight, all callico will be best, both within and without; and therefore the callico must be bought first.

Cloth. Very well, mother; it shall be done: But, pray how much will serve turn?

Moth. Why, truly son, I don't know exactly; perhaps threescore yards may do; but I am not sure; for look you, there must be chairs and cushions all of the same; for things must be uniform, you know, or else they won't be handsome.

Cloth. 'Tis true, mother, pray let it be so.

Moth. And then I'll tell you what there must be, son; there must be a crimson sattin mantle, with a lace, a gold and silver lace, and a broad one too, or else it won't be for your credit, son, I am sure.

Cloth. Truly, mother, if that be the custom, you are in the right on't; and therefore I ought to see there's justice done me.

Moth. And then son, (for I would think of every thing, that we may have no more trouble) I think a cupboard of plate would be very noble: That is, tankards and caudle-cups, and spoons, and teapots, which is now grown a great fashion; and if the warming-pan were of silver too, it would be very becoming indeed; and rather that
it

it should be otherwise, I'll be willing to contribute three guineas towards it myself.

Cloth. I thank you, mother; and if you be so kind, to be sure I'll be the rest.

Moth. And then, son, for the day the child's christened on, there must be a large pair of fine *Holland* shets, with a deep *Flanders* lace: Or, let me see,———suppose it was a fine *Hunilton* lace (for I am for encouraging our country mauufactures, and for putting you to as little charge as I can besides) and so I think that shall e'en serve.

Cloth. Very well, mother: But I protest I fear those things will come to a great deal of money.

Moth. Why, look you, son, as to that you must mind, that though you may have more children yet this charge will come no more; for these things will serve again and again, and as oft as you have occasion; and therefore if you stretch a little now, remember it is but for once.

Cloth. Well, forsooth, that's a great comfort, I'll assure you; for now I perceive I shall know when I have done; which, to tell you the truth, I was very much afraid of at first.

Moth. You see, son, you were more afraid than hurt: But I haven't told you all the charge yet.

Cloth. Pray, mother, let's hear it then.

Moth. You know we have said nothing of belly-timber yet —— But before I speak of that, 'tis convenient to let you know, that your wife must have a new gown the first time she goes abroad. And there's a great deal of reason she should, for then she'll be a new woman again; and sure a new woman should have a new gown.

And

And then for belly-timber, for if that be not provided for, all the rest signifies nothing—— You must be sure therefore to provide good store of fine sugar, for your wife's use in her lying-in.

Cloth. Yes, mother, and for the nurse to steal too; for the nurse will put in for a snack, I know that by my mother's nurses.

Moth. That cannot be helped, son: But besides sugar for her caudle, in which a little Sack must be mixed, you must get some good old Malaga for her morning's draughts. And when you make a general entertainment, you must take care that it be suitable to the magnificence of your wife's chamber, and let there be no want of Neats Tongues and Westphalih Hams, nor of the best White *Lisbon* and Port Wines to liquor them well, with good *Florence* and other *Italian* wines; for *French* and *Spanish* are so sophisticated, that they are scarce worth drinking: And let the men drink till they can scarce stand, and the women till they can scarce sit; and then your reputation will be spread from one end of the country to the other.

Cloth. Ay, but mother, I have heard that Mr. *Spendfast* in *Exeter* bestowed a hundred pounds upon christening his child, and after that broke; and both wife and child were forced to be returned back to her friends, like so many *Birmingham* goats that would not go.

Moth. But that's no precedent for you, son: Mr. *Spendfast* was a prodigal man; but I would have you take my advice, and put some bounds to your expences, and you shall have my blessing with you, and you'll do well enough, I'll warrant you.

Cloth.

Cloth. Well, mother, pray do you give the necessary orders, and let all be as you say.

[*Exeunt.*]

Well, all things being done according to the mother's advice, the good woman may cry out when she will; for there's the midwife taken into the house, that she may be always in readiness. And truly it was no more than reason; for Mrs. *Wilmot* feels such a rumbling that she fears something is coming more than ordinary: And therefore she desires Mr. *Wilmot* to get up, who being just wakened out of a sound sleep, was very unwilling to rise. But alas! she makes so many wry faces, every now and then putting in a great Oh, between them, that up he is obliged to get, and call at the midwife's chamber, and tells her his wife desires her assistance: She slips on her night gown, and presently runs to see what is the matter, and upon examining, finds the good woman's labour coming on, and immediately alarms the whole house; Mr. *Wilmot* himself knocks at the mother's chamber-door, and *Humphry*, and *Dorothy*, and *Mable*, and every one else, are sent to call in the kind assistance of the neighbours; who came decently arrayed in their night-rails and white aprons; and are all ready to obey the direction of the midwife, like so many Janisaries under the command of a Bashaw. Some holding her back, some warming the clouts, some doing one thing, and some another. At length, after the good woman has taken a little *Alkermes* to strengthen her, and a little *Bezoar-stone* to hasten delivery, forth comes the young bantling into the world, and the woman is delivered; and being received into a proper vehicle; they presently

sently survey the young squaller, that they may know in what sex to rank it. And Oh, how great is the joy, when 'tis found to be a son! for they well knew a great many good men had been lost in the late famous battle at *Bunker's Hill*, but a great many more in that more late, as well as more famous one of *Saratoga*, and therefore 'tis highly necessary that their number should be replenished as soon as might be.

The happy mother is no sooner put safe in bed; but away runs the nurse to bring the joyful tidings to the father, in hopes of getting half a guinea for her news; tho' a certain curmudgeon of a clothier too in *Crediton*, put a cheat upon the nurse, by giving her a sixpence instead of half a guinea; which she, at first, thanked him heartily for, and wished him much joy, in hopes it had been of the right colour. But when she discovered the cheat, she set up a pair of rails, enough to have served for the pailing in of a park. But she had as good have said nothing, for his skin was so thick, she could never make him blush. But Mr. *Wilmot* was no such man.

The hopes of the family being now dressed was exposed to the censure of the gossips, who were quickly agreed on their verdict, and gave it in to be the father's own child. His eyes are like him, says one, as ever he can stare: And his lips are as like, says another, as if he were spit out of his mouth; He has the very same nose, says a third; And just such a dimple in his chin, says a fourth. Now this judgment of the gossips was a plain evidence of two things: That is, that the wife was honest, and the child no bastard.

And now the coast being made clear, and all things set in order, the father is called in to see his

new-born son : Who having kissed the infant, and thanked the good women for their trouble and kindness to his wife, gives the word of command, and out comes the Groaning Cheese, and the Plumb-Cake, with a cup of stinging ale to wash it down ; and to crown all, a brave smoaking bowl of punch about three gallons——And having filled their bellies, and took a chirripping cup, they now begin to move their clacks. and fall a complimenting the father on the addition to his family. And as the midwife is the bell-weather of the company, so she begun first.

After a few days followed the christening, which was performed with all the solemnity imaginable. The people were made welcome, especially the god-fathers, and the god-mothers, which made well for the midwife and the nurse ; to whom they are generally very liberal.—— So that now there remains but one more business to be done ; and that is, to give the good women who came to assist her in her sorrows, an invitation to rejoice with her, and her friends and relations that were so kind to visit her in her lying-in. And as this concludes the whole ceremony, and is the winding up of the business, so it must be done with an air of greatness, and not slur all that has been so well done already, by an ignoble conclusion. And the good woman herself, being now able to go about the house again, she is the better able to give orders herself, and not to trouble Mr. *Wilmot* so much, who has other matters to look after. It would be too tedious to enumerate the several dishes of meat that were at this feast ; let it suffice, that any woman there, if she had not a very great stomach indeed, might have
satisfied

satisfied her hunger either upon the chine of bacon and turkey, or the *Westphalia* ham and chickens; but if these would not do, there was enough of other sorts that would, it seems; for their bellies are all full, and their tongues begin to wag, till they make as great a noise as the Cataracts of the *Nile*, whose various windings and unknown meanders are not half so intricate to trace, as is the thread of their discourse: They indeed proceeded to such a length that I cannot follow them; for I have scarce room for what's behind.

Here's charge on charge; the Clothier feels it well,
Which in short time will make his sorrows swell.
To *Bristol-Fair* he first must take his wife,
Or else she'll lead him but a weary life:
Nor is't the seeing *Bristol-Fair* will do;
But when she's there, she must see *London* too;
And whilst they thus do thro' the country roam,
To rack and manger all things go at home.
Then home he comes, more charges to begin,
And get things ready for her lying-in:
• Nurse must be paid, and so must midwife too,
And at the christening make no small ado;
And then the gossips well must treated be;
But 'tis the clothier pays for all, you'll see.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IV.

Between the Clothier, his Man Humphry, and his Creditors (he being now grown Poor.)

IF a man had as much money as *Cræsus*, yet if if his disbursements were more than his income, he would come to want at last: For though a bag be never so deep, it more be taken out than is put in, it must of necessity waste. This was the case of our honest Clothier: He had a good trade, and lived well, and wanted for nothing, as his man Humphry told him. But marrying a wife brought up a gentlewoman, though she had a good portion, yet nothing was good enough for her; and her extravagance and expences were so great, that when the Clothier thought he should have had the money to have paid his debts, and carried on his trade, he found it consumed in furnishing his house (which was well enough before) and in satisfying his wife's, and mother-in-law's extravagance: She being very fruitful, and having many children, for every one of which there was great expences in lying-in, with christenings and gossipings: Which his creditors seeing, came to dun him for their money; and he not being at home, their complaints were made to Humphry. 'Tis true, he had a good estate in land, but his wife was jointured in it, and she was for keeping what she had got, let her husband do what he would. This grieved Humphry very much, who therefore thus argues the-case with his master.

Hump.

Humph. Zure, che'am come to tell you, that Meister *Trustwell*, the wool-merchant, has been oft here to speak wi' you, and vonders he can ne'er vind you at whome. He zaith he mun have his money.

Cloth. Indeed, *Humphry*, 'tis high time he had it, but I haven't it at present to pay him.

Hump. How, zure! Han't it to pay? Che'am zorry for that: Che tho't you'd never want money again, when you received 2500*l.* all on a lump: Pray, meister, without offence, what's betid on't, is it all agoo?

Cloth. Betid on't, *Humphry*! Why you know, that a thousand pounds was still due for part of the purchase I made at *Columpton*, and five hundred for *Hartland-Grange*; so that I had but a thousand pounds clear: And you know what expences I have been at since I married.

Humph. Zure and zure very well; and you know, che told you what would be the end on't; vor che zaw 'twas all agoo. Nay, che told you 'twould be zo, but you'd not believe me.

Cloth. 'Tis true, *Humphry*, you did tell me what I now find too true: I did not think a wife had been such an expensive thing. But, prithee, tell me what I must do now: It seems Mr. *Trustwell* is in earnest for his money, and I have not it for him.

Hump. Pray, meister, how much may it be?

Cloth. About two hundred pounds.

Humph. And is that all you owe?

Cloth. No, nor half neither.

Humph. Zure and zure the case is very bad then. Why, meister, you ha'n an estate in Lond, you mun take up seven or eight hundred pounds upon that, and pay off your debts, and be
a good

a good husband, and so in time you'll recover it again.

Cloth. O, but I have jointured my wife in my estate, and I can't take up money upon that without her leave; and how if she should deny it?

Humph. No, no, meister, you ha' been a kind husband to her, and now 'tis her turn to be a kind wife to you: But besides you have 50*l.* a year at *Hartland-Grange*, besides the threescore pound a year you have at *Columpton*.

Cloth. Ay, but I have jointured her in both.

Humph. Then if you wazn't my meister, evaith che know what che'd zay.

Cloth. Why, what would you say, *Humphry*?

Humph. Evaith, meister, che'd zay, a vool and his estate waz soon parted.

Cloth. No, not parted neither, *Humphry*, I have it still.

Humph. But it zeems you con't take up money on't without her leave. Well, meister, che'd have you try her good-nature.

Cloth. I'll tell you the truth, *Humphry*, I am afraid to stay at home, for I cannot abide being dunned.

Humph. Why, meister, che believe you need not veare; for meister *Trustwell* is a very honest mon.

Cloth. I don't fear him, *Humphry*, but there is Parson *Gripeall*, to whom I owe 256*l.* tho' he does not come to my houte, yet he has given out very threatning words, about what he'll do; so that I don't like him.

Humph. O, that's a fow beast indeed; che had rather owe ten other men money than that parson, tho' he wants it the least of ony.

Cloth.

Clot. Well, *Humphry*, I would have you go to my wife, and carry her this letter, which I have written, to persuade her to let me take up seven hundred and fifty pounds upon *Hartland-Grange*, and that, with what I have owing to me, will more than pay my debts.

Humph. Well, zure, che'll go, and make what haste che con to give you the result. [Exit.

Humphry, according to his master's directions, gives his mistress his master's letter: Which was as follows:

“ My Dearest,

“ **I**F, as Solomon says, a friend was born for
 “ adversity, much more the wife of one's bosom;
 “ for sure there can be no dearer friend! I am
 “ now, my dear, under a little trouble for some
 “ debts that I owe; and my creditors are so
 “ impatient, that they won't stay till I can get
 “ in money to pay them: I would therefore desire
 “ thee to be so kind as to join with me in taking up
 “ 750*l.* upon *Hartland-Grange*, and so pay off my
 “ debts, that I may be more at liberty to follow my
 “ business; for I am very uneasy while other men
 “ have any demands upon me, which I can't
 “ answer. I know I need not use arguments, your
 “ own love and affection will be sufficient. For
 “ you have now an opportunity to shew how great
 “ a love you bear to

“ Your entirely affectionate husband,

William Wilmot.”

As

As soon as she had read the letter, she turns towards *Humphry*, and looking with an angry countenance, she begins thus :

Mrs. Wilmot. A pretty business, indeed ! Are things come to this already ? I'm finely hoped up with a husband !

Humph. How do you mean, vorzooth ? I hope you donno think you'n a bad bargain of my miefster ?

Mrs. Wil. Don't I so ? Yes, indeed but I do ; to bring him 2500*l.* and have nothing for it,

Humph. How can you zay nothing for it, when my meifter has jointur'd you in his whole estate,

Mrs Wil. And now he'd have me yield to take up money upon't but, indeed, I don't intend it.

Humph. Why, vorsooth, if he did, yet there's the farm at *Columpton* is worth above 3000*l.* and that's more than your portion. And therefore you may well let him take up 750*l.* upon *Hartland-Grange*.

Mrs. Wil. Why sure he's a very extravagant man, to have spent all his money already ! I wonder what he's done with it.

Humph. Vorsooth, he haz laid out a great deal of money in alterations in the houze, and in zash-windows, and in Journeyz to *Bristol-fair* and *Lungen*.

Mrs. Wilm. What if he did, that was not so much.

Humph. Zure and zure, vorzooth, the journey to *Lungen* cost'n a hundred pounds, and zilver dishez and potz, and che know not what, cost'n two hundred pounds more ; and when vine bedz, and other things are reckoned, it comes to a vine deal, methink.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Wil.* Well, if he marries a gentlewoman with a good fortune, she'll expect to be maintained like one. But you may tell him from me I cannot answer his desire, for I know better things than to give up my jointure; he must e'en shift as well as he can; I can't help him, nor won't. [*Exit.*]

Humph Evaith, Meistress, che commend you vor speaking zo plain. But my meister has a pleaguy kind wife of you in the mean time. [*Exit.*]

Humphry comes back to his master, and lets him know his wife's extraordinary kindness, and what compassion she had for him under his misfortunes. The poor Clothier gave two or three heart-breaking sighs at the relation, and asked *Humphry* what he should do. Do, says *Humphry*, speak with your creditors, and see what they'll do; and if you can satisfy them, says he, care as little for my mistress, as she does for you, and then you'll do well enough. But how shall I speak with my creditors, says the Clothier? Why, says *Humphry*, you know to-morrow is Sunday, so you may go to them without fear; and when you know their terms, you'll know the better how to move. And seeing my mistress won't help you, you mun e'en help yourself; and therefore I'd seize upon the plate, and some other good moveables, and see if you can raise money to pay Mr. *Gripe-all*; and for the rest, I dare say you'll do well enough. The Clothier looked upon this to be good counsel, and goes the next day to Mr. *Trustwell*, who said he wanted his money; but if he could raise it in a short time, he would stay a little. Then he went to Parson *Gripeall*, and found him of a quite contrary

contrary temper; I want my money, says he, and I will have it; and in short, if you do not either pay me my money, or give me a fresh bond and security within a week, I'll take my course. The rest wanted their money, but were willing to tarry awhile. Then the Clothier goes home to his own house, and finds his wife was gone to *Exeter* to her mother, and had taken all the plate and valuable things with her. This made the poor Clothier at his wit's end; so that he knew not which way to move. Alas! says *Humphry*, this is no more than what I expected, at the rate that she drove on, tho' I could not think it could have been so soon. Don't you remember, continued he to his master, that you asked me what I thought of Miss *Lucy Peacock*? And I told you a peacock had vine veathers, but was a vow bird vor all that. Yes, said the Clothier, I have thought of it many a time; and I remember how angry I was for your saying so. Well, she's a pleaguy toad to put this trick upon you, meister, But, meister, you must now keep out of the way, whilst I see what money I can raise for you. Well, away goes *Humphry* to look after his business; and his master troubled at the unkindness of his wife, goes to *Exeter* to his mother, and there asks for her. At his coming in a-doors, he perceived he should have no extraordinary welcome there; where he finds his wife and her mother. His wife presently gets up, and thus accosts him.

Wife. O, my dear, I am glad to see you with all my heart; I was afraid you had gone away and left me, and then I should not have known what to have done.

Cloth.

Cloth. 'Tis so far from that, my dear, that I find you have gone away and left me, and have taken my plate and best goods along with you, which argues very little love to your husband: Pray what do you mean by it?

Moth. Come, son, don't take up your wife so short; for she has done nothing but what she ought to do, I think. If a husband be extravagant, and squanders away his money, 'till all's ready to be seized upon, 'tis time for her to take care of herself and children.

Cloth. How, mother! It is I that am extravagant, or is it you or your daughter? It is your extravagancies that have brought me to this: You must have my house pulled down, and built up again, to satisfy your pride; and you must have three hundred pounds laid out upon a cupboard of plate, that your daughter might steal it away, and bring it to your house. It was the talk of all the country, that if I had a mint of money, such expences would soon melt it down; and now must I be taxed with extravagance? For shame, mother, forbear.

Wife. Pray, husband, don't run my mother down so, you know she paid you my portion honestly; and shall I be taxed with stealing away your things? I am sure they were bought with my money, and therefore, I think, they were my things, and I'll keep them. Pray, who shall maintain your children now? Do you think I'll save nothing to do that? 'Twas time for me to come away, I think, when I was ready to be turned out of doors for your debts. I think you may be ashamed to come here, and make such a noise as you do: But I know the meaning of all;
you

you want to take up money upon my jointure, do you? But stay there, my master: Marry, I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs shall eat it: I know better things a great deal. Assure yourself, what I have, I'll keep; 'tis mine while I live, and my son's after me.

Cloth. I thought I had married a gentlewoman, but I find I am mistaken, I have married a *Billingsgate*, or rather, one that will outdo them; and one that I see, isn't to be shamed out of any thing, for she has no shame in her. But let me tell you this by the way, you reckon without your host; for your jointure isn't yours while I live, it is only yours when I die; and perhaps I may live as long as you do; and while I live, you cannot receive a farthing on't.

Wife. 'Twas never the worse reckoned of me, however. But, my dear, why should you and I quarrel? I think, the more our troubles come upon us, the better we should love each other.

Cloth. We should, indeed; and, for my part, I do; But I don't believe you do; for if you did, you woud'n't have done as you have done, I'm sure.

Wife. As to what I did, alas, what can a simple woman do, that has nobody to advise with? what I did, was intended for your good, I'm sure; and your things are never the farther off from you for being at my mother's. Come, I hope you'll pass by a passionate word.

Cloth. Nay, my dear, if it be so, I am easily reconciled; For if you do but love me as well as I love you, I am sure all will be well.

Wife.

Wife. Indeed, my dear, I wouldn't have you question that? Come, let us kiss and be friends. [*Kisses him*] Come, mother, you mustn't be angry with Mr. *Wilmot*; I am sure he has a great respect for you, and what he said was only in a passion: He was vexed to hear himself taxed with that extravagance that he was never guilty of: For I must do him that justice to say, I never knew him guilty of extravagance, and therefore that could be no cause of his misfortunes.——But, I doubt, my dear, you are weary and tired.——Come, let us go to supper.

Cloth. Indeed, my dear, I had rather go to bed, for I am tired in my body, and embroiled in my mind; and now that it is a little at ease, I hope I shall sleep well.

Wife. I hope so too; but prithee, love, eat something before you go to bed, however.

Well, Mr. *Wilmot* is persuaded by his wife, and so eats a short supper, and then he is conducted up to bed, and soon after falls asleep. After which, his wife comes down again to her mother, between whom there passes the following dialogue.

Moth. Well, daughter, I see you are falling in again with your husband; and justifying him; and, pray, what is that but condemning yourself? You can have nothing more of him, but may, perhaps, lose what you have got, and be wheedled out of the plate you have brought hither.

Wife. No, mother, you need not fear that; I am not so fond of him: What I do, I do out of interest, not out of love. That which
made

made me change my note, was, his telling me I could not meddle with a farthing's-worth of the jointure he made me while he lives.

Moth. Well, you knew that before, that you can't help, nor I neither.

Wife. Yes, mother, I know how we may help it now; Mr. *Wilmot's* a very good natured man, if he be pleased; and therefore I am resolved to coax him, and to get him to make it over to me and my children during his life; and when I've done that, then I'll change my note again.

Moth. Now you say something, indeed: But how will you bring it about?

Wife. Why, I'll tell him that Parson *Gripe-all* threatens to take out a Statute of Bankruptcy, and then his estate will be taken away from him, and rent in pieces; and that all this may be prevented by his making it over to you, in trust for me and my children; and yet that he may still have the use of it as he has now. And when he has once done this, I am provided for, and let him shift for himself.

Moth. Indeed, daughter, this is an excellent contrivance; I see you have more wit than your mother. I'll do all that I can to forward it; I'll be monstrous kind to him. I'll ask him if he does not want money for his pocket, and give him twenty or thirty guineas.

Wife. That will do, mother, for kindness takes mightily with him—Well, I'll go up to bed to him, and do my part: And now you know my design, you know how to manage the tack.—Mother, good night to you.

Moth.

Moth. The same to you, daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

The next morning, after all the endearing caresses of a tender wife to a husband that she dearly loves, she talks the matter over to him, who assents to it. The mother shews as much affection as the daughter, gives him thirty guineas, his pocket being at a low ebb: and so a scrivener is sent for, the writings drawn, and signed, sealed and delivered, and all are well pleased.

Here see the craft of woman kind again;
The female sex are still too hard for men:
E'er since the crooked rib from *Adam* ta'en,
Perverse and crooked pieces they remain.
Their looks are all design; when e'er they smile,
'Tis only with a purpose to beguile.
Help-metas they were design'd for, but we see
Their help's but helping us to misery:
When they speak fairest, let us most beware;
For their design is mankind to ensnare;
And when they by their wheelles have prevail'd,
They care not tho' the man's next moment gaol'd.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE. V.

*Between the Clothier, Bailiffs, Gaoler and his Man
Humphry.*

THE Clothier having gratified his Wife, and her Mother, and tarried with them three or four Days, expecting *Humphry*, (who was at the same time waiting for him at *Kirtan*) they began to be weary of him, and perswaded him that it was his best way to go Home, and see how Things went there: Accordingly he takes his Leave of his Wife with all the Kindness imaginable on both Sides, and of his Mother also; who told him, that for his Kindness to her Daughter she would be a Friend to him as long as she lived. He had not been gone a Quarter of a Mile, but one comes behind him, and giving him a Thump of the Shoulders, cries with a loud Voice.

Bailiff. Sir, I arrest you in the King's Name.

Cloth. Arrest me, Sir! for what!

1. *Bail.* Sir, I arrest you in an Action of Five Hundred Pounds.

Cloth. At whose Suit, Sir!

1. *Bail.* At the Suit of *Mr. Daniel Gripe-all*. And presently comes up another to him, and salutes him thus:

2. *Bail.* 'Tis very true, *Mr. Wilmot*, we do arrest you at the Suit of *Mr. Daniel Gripe-all*, the Parson of *St. Laurence* in *Exeter*; I am sorry for your Misfortune, but we are bound to do our Office. However, any Civility that lies in my Power, you shall command of us.

Cloth. I hope, Gentlemen, you won't put me into the Gaol.

2. *Bail.*

2. *Bail.* No, Sir, you shall be at my House till you can make up your Business, and we shall carry it very privately. And as we go thro' the City, we'll take no notice of you, that so no Body may know you are in Custody. And I don't doubt but that you'll be civil to us.

Cloth. You shall have no Reason to complain of me. Please to accept of this in the mean time.

[Gives him a Guinea.]

Bail. Sir, we thank you. Any Service we can do you, you may command. And you shall have a good Room and a good Bed.

Cloth. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Being entered into the Bailiff's House, they had him into the best Chamber, and then asked him what he would please to drink. After he had drank with his new Landlord, he called for a Messenger, and then dispatched away a Letter to his Wife, to acquaint her with his adverse Fortune; and sent another Letter to *Humphry*, to come to him immediately.—

His Wife sent him word, she was very sorry for his Misfortune; but did not know how she could be serviceable to him, and desired to be excused from coming thither, because she could do him no good by coming. But honest *Humphry* made all the haste he could to him, and told him he expected him at *Kirton*, not knowing where to find him. That he had got what Money he could for him; and that he would go, if he pleased, and speak with Parson *Gripe-all*: Which he did, and *Gripe-all* insisted upon the having his Estate made over to him till the Debt was paid. *Humphry* urged, that there was other Creditors; and asked, if all was made over to him, what the rest should do? But he said, he cared not what they did, he

he would have his own Terms; let them do what they would. Therefore *Humphry* advised his Master to comply so far with the Parson, that he might be clear of him, and then he might shift the better with the other: But when his Master had told him that he had already made that over to his Mother, for the maintaining of his Wife and Children; he then told him his Case was hopeless and helpless. That it was not to boot to tarry there at extraordinary Charges; but that he must inevitably go to gaol, and resolve to continue a Prisoner. And what Ulage he met with there, we may perhaps shew hereafter. But honest *Humphry* even then would not forsake him; whereas his Wife and his Mother-in-Law would never come near him.

Thus the poor Clothier in a gaol is placed,
Whilst wife and mother his Estate do waste;
And without the least regard to his sad moan,
Leave him to pine in Prison all alone,
And curse the time that e'er he put such trust
To those that unto him were so unjust;
Who now affirms of all the Plagues of Life,
None's worse than an unkind and treacherous
Wife.

A Parish Constable.

PRAY, Mr. *Lickspiggott*, why so prodigal in your office ? now you are chosen to be a midnight magistrate :—Consider rightly and you'll find 'tis no such honour to be a Prince of Darkness, since the Devil himself has been dignified before you with the same title.—What tho' by double-chalk and short measure, you support your daughter at the Boarding School, yet believe me, the ill-natured world will be apt to remember, that the pretty Miss, like her fortune, derived her origin from the *Tap Tub*.—What if she did ? Pray where's the disparagement ?—Since the Beautiful Mother of the fair sex had but a very little better beginning ; besides, since grains have produced Aldermen—and Lord Mayors, 'ere now, started out of *bung holes*, why not a young lady creep out of the *fisset*, and her fortune, without scandal, rise from the profitable practice of old *nick*ing and *froth*ing ? But why so very humble in the day, and so monitrous tyrannical at night ? as if the light extinguished your ferocity, as the sun does fire, and that your star-light grandeur was only visible in the dark.—'Tis strange that a sword and halbert, together with a wooden chair, should change a Tunbelly'd Tapster into an *Emperor of the Moon*—that a blue apron should reduce a man again to his primitive humility, and that the morning's tone of "*Your servant, Sir—coming up, Sir,*" &c. shou'd at night be turned into the austere language of "*Who comes there ?—Take off your hat before the Constable.*"—Pray Mr. D'ye call Sir ? Let not the spirit of pride so possess you in authority,

authority, but learn to meditate on the respectability of your calling, in the height of your nocturnal sovereignty, and that is the only way to make you affable in your office:—be not elevated with the thoughts of your ruffianly attendants; for in the zenith of your splendour, at the head of your ill-looking *Janissaries*, you look but like Judas, and his treacherous accomplices, marching with their clubs and staves to betray their master. Consider 'tis a hard case that a Watchman's dog shall have more respect than a gentleman at midnight, and that the yelping puppy shall be suffered to cock his tail in your worship's presence, when a far better man than you yourself must stand bare headed to the whelp and you;—therefore, for the future, behave yourself so that your neighbours may love you, rogues fear you, and your Watchmen obey you; and suffer not your saucy *Arabs* to be insolent to passengers, lest an affair like that in Wapping-lane, might again happen; but if *men* should attack you, what would be the consequence, when a few *ninths* were able to do so much execution? Why, as *Congreve* has it, you would go out of your office, like a candle snuff, and leave a stink behind you.

When ill bred clowns of low degree.
Are chosen to authority,
The looby will, in spite of Fate,
Aspire above the Magistrate.

Captain Muggugg.

P R A Y behold the maritime deportment of Captain Muggugg, king of a wooden world, laden with sugars from Jamaica!—What a bottle
nose

nose, and pair of trumpeter's cheeks, the Triton has puffed up this last voyage, by virtue of Irish beef, mouldy biscuit, rum punch and a lazy life.—See how he straddles as he walks! as if, lest he should lose his way, between the Custom-house and Exchange, he had fixed the compass between his thighs, that by looking at it, he might steer his course by land, as he does by water.—Hark! how he blows as he waddles, like a monstrous porpoise, just risen to the surface of the water.—Observe his hat, you may see it always stand in the same cock which it borrowed from the case!—What a tremendous kettle of a watch he has just now lifted out of his fob!—I'll warrant there's as much silver in it, as would make a quart tankard, and enough of steel in the chain, (which almost hangs down to his knee) to set up a first-rate cutler.—He has just taken leave of his owners, and is now steering his course to a Wapping brothel, where a fiddle makes him a fool, and punch a madman; and when his affections are cooled, and after he has run the hazard of an amphibious malady, got part by land and part by water, he will stagger home to his wooden castle, in his own opinion, as great as the Sultan of Constantinople.

On board he proudly bears command,
But to his owners creeps by land;
At sea a monarch, but on shore,
A bubble to each common w——.

Mother

Madam Bustle, the House wife.

Here comes that noble stirring lady, *Madam Bustle*, so wonderfully famed for her good housewifery, and charity, that she's often cursed for the one, and seldom thanked for the other;—as for her cleanliness, 'tis so very extraordinary, that she rubs the floor of her chamber every morning with a clean napkin, and if the boards prove so dirty as to soil it, her chambermaid is presently condemned for a slut, and there is nothing but the doctrine of a scrub and rub preached up to the family for a month after. To spit in her parlour is a kind of petty treason, committed in contempt of those sovereign laws she has established in her household: and should her nincompoop of a husband but drive! beside his spitting-pot, when he smoaks tobacco, his ears would be teased with nothing but bitter exclamations against the poisonous weed, till he had begged pardon for the fault, and made a solemn promise to be more careful for the future.—'T would be as great a wonder to find her Ladyship idle, as to see the sun stand still; and if you were to behold the busy matron going about the house, followed by her maid, with a brush and rubbing clout, it would make you laugh more than a pantomime entertainment, for the comical passages between the former, consist of much more variety than the latter.

“ Oh fie! hussy—how came this about?—here's
 “ a fly-t—d upon the window shutter?—Oh!
 “ lamentable! what a nasty speck do I see yonder
 “ upon the chimney-piece!—come hither you
 “ careless baggage, with your brush—what a clod
 “ of

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“ of dirt lies here ! almost as large as a spangle !—
“ Why, at this, you ungainly slut, my house, in
“ a little time, will have occasion for a scavenger !”

If any body steps beside the mat on a dirty day, it spoils her stomach to her victuals, and makes her look as froward upon the visitor, as if he was an enemy to the family, tho' perhaps her husband's best friend, and the most esteemed of his whole acquaintance. Should a dog or cat make a breach in their good behaviour and by accident drop a nosegay in any apartment of her mansion, if it be not quickly removed before she happens to have a view of the provoking filthiness, nothing can atone for the unpardonable fault, but the death or banishment of the poor creature, though it should be her husband's favourite. She is a great distiller of simple waters, an admirable spreader of plaisters, and an excellent doctress, of green wounds and agues, inasmuch that her door is perpetually haunted with sick beggars, (as if her house was an hospital) to whom she administers her worthless medicaments; though a piece of bread broken into a bowl of warm broth, would do them much more service, and less expensive; yet by the charitable dispensation of her infallible nostrums, and whimsical distillations, she has acquired among her neighbours such a bountiful reputation, that is almost a high misdemeanor to speak a word reflecting on her works of supererogation; which consist chiefly of unnecessary superfluities,—her useless cleanliness, is a plague to her whole family, and her charity no other than ridiculous ostentation, which crazy numpers receive more to oblige her than themselves, that they may have the better pretence to haunt the door for the benefit of broken victuals
given

given them by the servants, without the knowledge of their mistress. She's a very officious lady at a poor woman's labour, and is so very handy at the secret operation that she is as good as a deputy to the midwife, besides she is very skilful in the mysteries of procreation, as well as child-birth, and has abundance of philtres to propagate the good work, as well as sternutives to help delivery, so that she is often visited by new married ladies for the benefit of her admirable instructions.—She can talk as liberally over a cup of cold tea, as an experienced strumpet over a bottle in a house of ill-fame—and is never better pleased, than when the young fools admire the judgment of the old one.

But now madam, you are come so near me, let me beg your attention for a few minutes, and tho' your ladyship is my senior, yet I will engage to give you as good advice as ever was flung away by yourself upon a flatteringly maid servant. If amongst the multiplicity of your virtues, you would add the principal ornament of a woman, which is, your duty to your husband, it would advance you in the esteem of all wise persons, above that over necessary cleanliness in your house, which is a perpetual cause of uneasiness to your husband, an interruption to the freedom of his friends, a superfluous trouble to yourself, and an incessant plague to your poor servants, whilst the general ease of your family is totally neglected;—for she that is so vain, as to prefer the whiteness of her floors, the brightness of her fire-irons, the neatness of her furniture, and the order of her china—before the felicity of her spouse, the pleasure of his friends, and the quiet of his domestics, may, for aught I know, among such as herself, be accounted a
notable

notable woman, but amongst all such people as have a grain of discretion she will never escape the censure of being the devil of a wife, therefore, madam, for the future, give your husband leave to spit in his parlour, without your clamours and reproofs, let him dine without your quarrels with the cook about her sauces, and go to bed without a lecture of cleanliness preached up to your chamber-maid, suffer his friends to be free, without your frowns, and let your servants do their business without your watching at their tails, like a planter over his slaves; for it is better to preserve the affection of your husband, by consulting his ease, than it is to win a character from fools, by your external cleanliness. In the next place, madam, let your charity to the poor be more substantial; for when people grow sick and weak for want of due nourishment, a little kitchen physick will do them much more good than your simple waters, fit only take away their appetites that they may bear their want of sustenance with the greater patience.

Would you but distribute among your poor petitioners the money you waste yearly in those herbs and drugs, the virtues of which you understand no more than you do your own duty, the poor would be much more thankful and they would believe you to be a good woman instead of a sorry doctress; besides, you would save the charge of the abundance of thumbvials, gallipots and old rags, which if you would turn into boiled beef and broth, bread and cheese, and good table beer, instead of fools flattering your vanity, good Christians would commend your charity. the poor esteem you as a better benefactress, and pray for you more heartily.

K

I'd

I'd rather chuse, upon my life,
 A w——, or slut to be my wife,
 Than to be pursued from room to room,
 With here a mop, and there a broom.

A R O U T.

THIS is an assemblage of the young and the old—of the gay and the sober—of the clergyman and the libertine—of the spendthrift and the usurer—of the sharper and the dupe—of the ignorant and the wise—of the foolish and crazy—of the rich and the poor—of the modest and the forward—of the beautiful and the ugly—of innocence and guilt—of virtue and vice—of prudes and coquettes—of old maids and young widows—and, in short, of all that is good, and all that is bad, within the circles of elegance.

The lady of the rout endeavours, on those occasions, to gather together all her acquaintance; for, the greater the number, the more her consequence; and therefore the invitation is always made at a distant day from the time of assembly, that no pre-engagement may lessen her guests.

Our sober friends in the country may imagine that entertainment is the object of those meetings; but the fact is not so; for except that kind of satisfaction which vanity experiences in exhibiting a superb dress, or a fine face, and the pleasure a gambler feels in lessening a fellow-creature's property to increase his own, there is no object which can please the imagination or gratify the heart.

The

The old people sit down to cards with a keenness that shews how eager they are to plunder each other; and, as Whist is the almost universal game, so it must always happen, that very little is said on any subject but that of the game; and hours upon hours waste, without any other utterance than—"so many honours"—"so many by cards"—and "that's the rubber!"

That a person should conceive himself honoured by an invitation to any of those gambling societies, is not within the chapter of good sense; for the Rout of a woman of fashion is much more expensive to the guests than an assembly at a tavern; the bill running much higher in the one than in the other.

This will appear quite evident when our readers consider that the lady of fashion charges, or rather extorts from the company, a certain sum in payment for the cards they play with:—She charges in general about four times what they cost at the card-makers; and, as she is not under the tax of a license, her trade must have more profit than that of a publican.

That a person should be invited to partake of an entertainment, and afterwards made to pay his share of the reckoning, is not according to those ideas of hospitality which have given such a benevolent character to England; and many sensible persons have complained of the enotmity of this extortion.

It is in fact the same as asking a person to dinner, and telling him that he may walk about the room if he pleases and pay nothing; but if he sits down, he must disburse for each dish
out

out of which he tastes any food, quadruple the sum for which he could purchase and dress up such an article at home.

It matters not what I pay for, whether it be her ladyship's tea and bread, or whether it be her cards and dice, if I am obliged to part with my money for what I get in her ladyship's house.— And I do aver, that in this case a fashionable rout is not an atom better than a jelly-shop, nay, not so good; for what is bought at the former poisons the mind, whereas that which is purchased at the latter strengthens the body.

We are well aware, that if the lady of the house was to be whenever she gave a rout, at the real expence of entertaining such an assemblage of persons, it would exceed her income, and involve her in debt, and such Routs could only be held by persons of opulent fortunes. But whilst the meeting is to all intents and purposes supported by the subscriptions of the guests, we shall continue in our present state, and have routs at Mrs. *Candlewick's* as well as at the Countess of *E ———*'s, all in an equal stile of elegance, and all on a similar plan of support, as can be proved from the testimony of each.

The plan of œconomy is this:—The butler or groom of the chambers, or footman, or steward, agrees with the mistress of the house to find candles, orgeat, lemonade, tea, coffee, and all its appendages, to the very knife that cuts the bread and butter, on condition of his having the card-money,—nay, he goes farther, and gives so many *petit soupes* into the bargain—

This

This is but the counterpart of the inn-keeper, who engages a waiter that furnishes knives, forks, table linen, and glasses on condition of the pence he gets from the different guests. And the lady is therefore not a whit more honourable at the head of her card-table, than the publican's wife seated in her bar, both entertain their guests, and both make their guests pay for their entertainment.

When the custom of giving money to servants was abolished, the custom of giving card money should also have taken its departure; for the one as much militates against true hospitality as the other, and is equally a disgrace to politeness. Slipping a crown into the footman's hand, and openly paying so much for card-money, is a distinction without a difference, and equally a tax upon the purse of the great. Nay, we may go further, and say that the lady might just as well make her company pay the cook for dressing the supper, as the groom-porter for bringing the cards.

This system of taxation most indubitably takes away all obligation on the part of the company, as they are entertained at their own expence—though the imposition is rather inequitably proportioned, those who do not sit down to play enjoying the beverage which those who do play are obliged to pay for,—but this is not quite so culpable as the other, the custom being immemorial in all raquet-courts, and porter-houses, where all-fours and cribbage are preferred to hazard and whist, that the lookers on shall be entitled to drink at the cost of the gamblers,—and those only who play, be at the expence of the entertainment.

Some

Some persons may imagine that the card-money will not enable the butler to do as much as is here imposed on his profits—but that doubt will be easily removed, when it is made known, that the principal part of the duty on cards is evaded by a connexion between the servant and card-maker, and by the care of the mistress of the house in preserving the cover, of the packs, which it is well known can, though torn almost into tatters, be so nicely put together again, as to deceive the keenest eye, and thus make the envelope serve sometimes for thirty different packs.—But this is not all the evasion—for if the cards be not much soiled, the card-maker has an instrument by which a new gloss can be put on them, that shall make them appear as well as ever.

It is not every mistress of a rout-house that is up to this business,—some of them it is well known are—and of course make the more hard bargain with their servants—but every card-attending groom-porter, knows this trick, and there are very few of them whose innate principles of honesty think it a crime to defraud the revenue.

The Female Hypocrite.

Pray mind Ruby-face Quality yonder, swimming home in her chair, like a sick woman in a horse litter;—she has just now taken her leave of the ladies club near——street; and as soon as her christian ponies have shot their burden into the hall, and delivered her safe into the hands of her chambermaid, she'll be so mightily troubled with the vapours, that her confidant, Betty, without the help of a footman, will have much ado to hand her

her into her chamber, where it is ten to one, but before she gets undrest, she tumbles into an epilepsie ;—yet in respect to her quality, and that she may give a good example to her family, lest they should grow as herself, she has built a repository at the bottom of the garden for her godly books, where she pretends to pray twice a week ; but the Butler, who now and then makes bold to snatch a kiss from the Chambermaid, observes that Mrs. Betty seldom comes from her Ladyship upon the days of her devotion, but her breath smells so fragrant of mulled wine and nutmeg, that he verily believes the rest of the ingredients are never wanting upon those religious occasions, and that my lady drinks to her maid a cup of concealment, that a familiar participation with the *good creature*, may oblige her confidant to a more punctual secrecy.

Thus those who ride in chairs and coaches,
Will have their vices and debauches ;
Like us they sin, but with more caution.
And cloak their failings with devotion.

A B U C K.

I am one of the honourable order of *Bucks*—a society that has been famous in this metropolis, though I am sorry to say it, is now much upon the decline.

The time was, when the constituent qualities of a first-rate blood, were drinking, wenching, and fighting ; and about twenty years ago, I myself cut a distinguished figure, and was able
to

to support my title, by standing on my feet many hours after my company were decently laid under the table;—then to finish four bottles of port, or six of claret, was thought becoming a man of spirit;—then, Sir, to keep half a score wenches was some recommendation, or to kick a waiter out of the window, or knock down a watchman——was——O DEM'ME——*it was life!*

But now-a-days, your sneaking, pig-tail puppies are fit for no purpose in the world, but to spend their money, and destroy their constitutions in gaming houses that have no character, and with jades that can scarcely be viewed without disgust. In my days, a Buck knew something beyond the drawing of a cork, or the shuffling of the cards; but your present fashionables are almost a sort of pedants in Buckism;—talk of any thing but obscenity, and they are as dumb as an ill-finished statue;—offer them a hearty glass, and half a bottle finishes their career; the only symptoms of spirit they have, are, in bragging of feats they never performed, and boasting of acquaintances they never were honoured with.

As to dress, I would as soon go naked as go into the present fashion; your young fellows, the arrantest puppies alive, with skimpy coats, short waistcoats and narrow breeches, into which they squeeze their tender limbs, so that their thighs have much the resemblance of marrow puddings; stiff collars to support their heavy heads, their toes turned inwards, and their hands crammed into their pockets, not unlike spitted fowls; or else they carry a piece of *Bamboo*
cane

cane in their hands, about the thickness of my little finger—or, in the other extreme, a most enormous knotty club, or, as they term it, a bludgeon, much better adapted for a broomstick, than for the neat china hands of a fashionable prigg;—and then their present fashionable dim sight, in support of which they carry their confounded ogling glasses, which with their half-priced countenances, they ram into the face of every woman they meet;—some that are not immediately able to buy glasses, generally use the tops of keys and barrels of pocket pistols, the optical tube of which is fashionably metamorphosed into a smelling bottle.

Their conversation and dress is equally ridiculous:—it may not be amiss to give a specimen of their eloquence when they meet a person in the street.—“Ha’ are you, hop yer very well! Upon ma sol, I really don’o how t’express my sentiments to you, but you’ll excuse me;—I must dine at my Lady *Tippet’s*, (a woman that never was!)—dam’d cold—divide ma—my whole system is tremulated—you’ll dine with me to-morrow—now do—very well—’bout a-a-six o’clock.”—(*goes off but comes running back.*)—“Oh, my dear sir, I really forgot, I am engaged at my Lady a Lady-a-a ———, split her I can’t think of her name, but you’ll excuse me, you’ll call in the coure of the week—good morn.” When his friend is gone, he says, “Dinners are d——d troublesome.” (*Meets one of his own party.*)—“Apropos—my dear George, hop yer well—got a d——d switching last night—confounded switching last night—confound the dice—the

the *Snaffler* was detected—night before—excellent *pidgeon*—come are you going to *White's*—you're my *signsman* to-night.—Oh, my dear fir—met with a severe misfortune yesterday—ma Val. broke the leg of my toilet—I 'shure you—never was so mad in all my life—my powder, rouge, and all my paints, washes, and liquids, and a confounded good glass, were all broke and destroyed—na, naw, my precious fellow, you'd really pity ma—but I'll make the scoundrel pay for every sixpence of it!—

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